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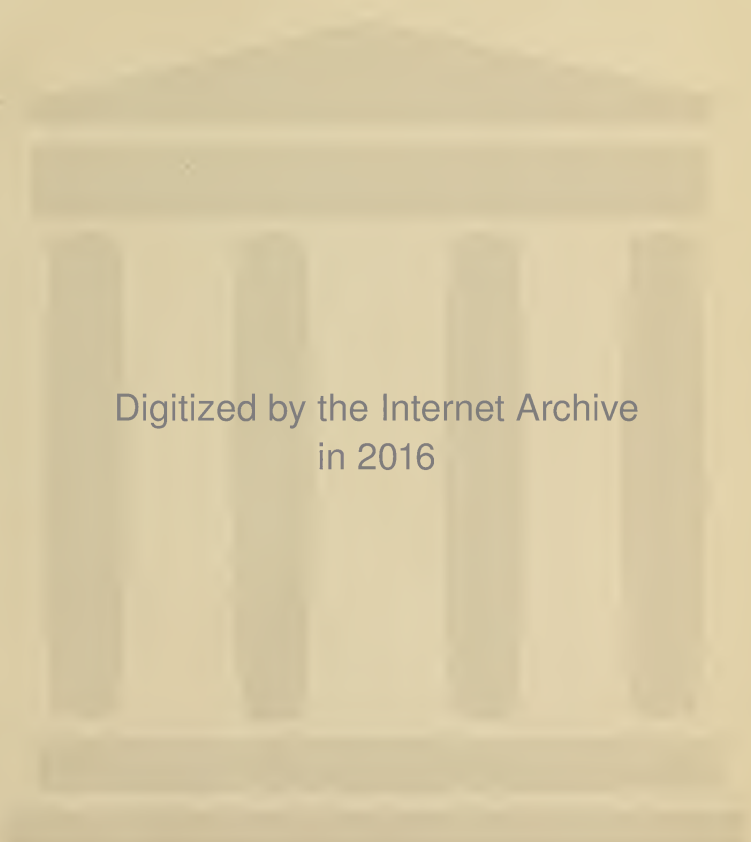


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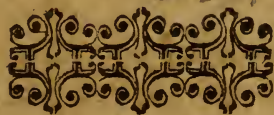
H O S T O N - P U B L I C L I B R A R Y

THE
OLD TROOP:
OR,
Monsieur Raggou.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE - R O Y A L.

By *John Lacy*, Gent.



L O N D O N ;

Printed for *William Crook* and *Thomas Dring*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*, and at the *White-Lyon* next *Chancery-Lane* end in *Fleetstreet*, 1 6 7 2.

OLD THOMPSON

OF

149,433

May, 1873

Mrs. Emma Barton



T O

The young PRINCE GEORGE,

Third Son to her GRACE,

T H E

Dutcheſs of CLEVELAND.

SIR,

I Acknowledge, that I am no leſs unworthy to appear before you, than I was before your Elder Brother, having in me the ſame duty and reverence for your high Blood, and the ſame equal regard for your Perſon : Yet I come with confidence to you ; for having found ſo affable and ſweet a Reception from your dear Brother, I ought not at all to doubt of yours : ſince his Great Blood runs in your veins, you muſt alſo retain his Vertues ; and in you they are juſtly called ſo, yet they are not ſo in all men ; for if ſlaves, and ſervants, and meaner men, prove affable and humble, it is not Vertue in them, becauſe it is their duty : but in you, being adorned with all your Greatneſs, it ſhews ſo rich a Goodneſs in you, that all men are oblig'd to return you honour for it, which I do with my heart, and all my faculties. I alſo preſent you, Sir,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*with a poor French-man, Monsieur Raggou, being party
perpale Trooper, and Cook: I tender him to you in his
own Equipage just as he landed, with not so much as a
skirt to his back: But that is no new thing to the Eng-
lish Nation; therefore, Sir, receive him as an object to
exercise your Charity upon; being naked cloath him;
let him but wear your Livery, and he will not only
be received, but be made welcome to all men: Lay your
protecting hand upon him, and he is safe from the ma-
lise of his Enemies: And, Sir, as I am bound, so I
pray, that you may want no one Vertue that may make
you up a Miracle: May your Great Bloud appoint you
to cut your own fortune out, and may you do it with
such success and valour, that all men of courage may
honour you, and the rest of the World fear you.*

And this, Sir, shall always be the prayer

of your obliged and most obedient Servant,

John Lacy.



THE
EPISTLE
To the
READER.

E Pistles ('tis true) are customary, but I think as unnecessary as Funeral Sermons, for they must either insinuate and flatter grossly, or else say nothing to the purpose: For my part I cannot imagine, Reader, what to say to thee, unless like a raw Preacher I swerve from my Text; and instead of a modest Apology for my bold printings, tell thee a Tale of *Maestricht* being taken, or the Dutch bang'd at Sea; and to do that were to rob the *Gazette*, and so be call'd in question for Intrenchments. What then shall I say? shall I praise my Play to thee? No, that were to be a vain glorious Ass; and in thy power, Reader, to prove me so: What then, shall I decry it? No, that were to break the Stationer, that perhaps has paid too dear for it: What then, shall I discover the Plot and Intrigue of the Play to thee? No, to speak of the Plot in the Epistle, were to fore-stall the

The Epistle to the Reader.

the reading of the Play, and so dam the sail of it. Instead then of an ingenious Epistle to divert, I beg a crafty Boon, Reader, that some one eminent leading Voice amongst you, will be for once so kind, as to give an excellent Character to the World of this my Play; and by that decoy people may be drawn in to buy it off: so that, as I have cozen'd the Stationer, by this means the Stationer may over-reach you; and in so doing, Reader, you will

Most highly oblige

Your humble servant,

John Lacy.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

TO you that Judges are i'th' publick street;
Of Ballad without sence, or even feet;
To you that laugh aloud with wide mouth'd grace;
To see Jack Puddings Custard thrown in's face;
To you I do address; for you I write,
From you I hope protection here to night.
Defend me, O friends, of th' upper Region,
From the hard censure of this lower Legion.
I was in hope, that I should only see,
My worthy Crew of th' upper Gallerie.
What made you Wits so spitefully to come?
To tell you true, I'd rather had your room:
Order there was, and that most strictly gi'n
To keep out all that look'd like Gentlemen;
You have e'en brib'd the Door-keepers I doubt,
Or else I'm sure they would ha' kept you out:
You must, nor censure Poet; nor his Play,
For that's the work o' th' upper house to day.
Deal you, Sirs, with your Match, your Dryden wit,
Your Poet Laureat both to Box and Pit.
It is some conquest for to censure him
That's fill'd with Wit, and Judgement to the brim:
He is for your censure, and I'm for theirs,
Pray therefore meddle with your own affairs.
Let Wits, and Poets, keep their own stations;
He writes to th' Tearms, and I to th' long Vacations.

The

The Persons Names.

Captain }
Lieutenant } of the Troop.
Cornet }

Tom Tell-troth.

Raggon.

Flay-flint, Plunder-master General.

Captain *Ferret-farm.*

Quarter-master *Burn-dorp.*

Biddy, the Cornets Boy.

Dol Troop.

Troopers.

Constables.

Painter.

Carpenter.

Servants.

Women and Children in abundance.

Round-heads.

Governour of a Garrison.

Captain *Hold-forth.*

Captain *Tub-text* ; and, his two Holy Sisters.

AN



A N

OLD TROOP:

O R,

Monsieur Raggou.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Tell-troth *and* Dol Troop.

Dol. **I** Have heard your story, and much pitie you; but, in truth, I am a wicked, very wicked woman: for I never did one good deed in all my life; and I doubt you're unluckie, that your fate directs you to me.

Tell. I find you have opportunity to do good, and will to serve me; and for reward, if that——

Dol. Nay, y'are liberal enough, you understand the world; for money creates good and evil: and I, that never thought of doing good, will now heartily endeavour it. Go to my quarters,

quarters, for I have a great deal of roguery to act for my self, besides the good I am to do for you.

Tell. Inquire all you can into the last thing you spoke of, for I confess that troubles me: if she proves but honest, I'll forgive her wildness.

Dol. I'll do it, with all the craft I can.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret, and Burndorp.

Flea. Good morrow, good morrow Lieutenant.

Lient. Precious Rogues! what brave Honours and Titles you have arriv'd at in the Wars, Rascals! Plunder-master General *Flea-flint*! what Prince can give thee so great a Title? a great credit for my Colonel, Rogue. Then, here's Captain *Ferret-farm*, an honourable Gentleman; for always, when we are fighting, you are ferreting the Farms, and searching the women for Letters of Intelligence, you damn'd Rogue. Then, here's the Quarter-master *Burndorp*, a Rogue that, when we have brave large quarters assign'd, you sell half of 'em, and then trust us up nine or ten in one house together. A pox on you, Rascal.

Burn. But why are you thus cruel, Lieutenant?

Lient. Hang you dogs; did not I know you at first to be three tatter'd Mulqueters, and by plundering a Mault-mill of three blind horses, you then turn'd Dragooners, and so quartering in a Farm where a good team was, you chang'd your blind horses for better, and then you commenc'd Troopers at *Oxford*, and when you had plunder'd your selves into good cloaths, you impudently call'd your selves Major, and Captain, and Quarter-master, and then you ran away from your own Troop, and I entertain'd you for Reformado-Officers? you know I know this, and yet, you dull ungrateful rascals, you will not know why I am angry.

Ferret. Why are you angry?

Flea. Why? I'll tell thee why: He wants twenty pounds, and a good gelding, *Coxcomb*; he must have it too, I know him well enough!

Burn. Is that all he shall have it, and thank him too. Pray accept of this twenty pound, Lieutenant.

Ferret.

Ferret. And we have a good gelding for you, Lieutenant, as ever you laid leg over.

Lieut. Why so? Why will you put me to't to give you ill language? cannot you understand me without scurvie usage?

Ferret. I did not understand you, by my troth, Lieutenant.

Lieut. Pray understand me hereafter. Now are you three as honest, harmless fellows! how dost thou do? who dares say that thou wilt flea a flint? or he search for Letters in a wenches Placket? or the Quarter-master burn a Town? I'll set 'em by the heels that say it. Honest *Robin, Tom and Dick*, when shall we drink a tub of Ale together?

Burn. When you please, worthy Lieutenant.

Lieut. Get a Tub at one of your quarters, and I'll come to you. And pray understand me thoroughly hereafter: I believe I shall be very angry within this week again; therefore pray take care to prevent it. [Exit.]

Flea. It were a good deed ne'er to plunder more.

Burn. Why, prythee?

Flea. No thriving on't for these damn'd Officers. To put Excise and Custom upon Plundering! to put *Toll* upon fleaing a Flint! I hold my own quarters to be my lawful Inheritance as much as any mans Land or Office, that is held by old Custom; and Time out of mind.

Terret. Nay, I hold my quarters to be so much my own, that the Wife, the Daughter, and Maid-servants, ought to be in my occupation.

Burn. I deny that; for the man of the house ought to have his wife himself, in case he have a daughter to furnish you. Nay, the strictness of the Statute of Plundering says, that in case he has but barely a Maid-servant, you ought not to meddle with his wife, or indeed his daughter.

Flea. I am of the opinion of the Gentleman that spoke last; for I am (in my own quarter) Lord of the Mannor, and all Wests and Strays are mine.

Burn. I'll say that for thee, a Maid cannot go a milking but thou mak'st a West or a Stray of her.

Enter Cornet.

Corn. Here's the faithful fraternity, a league of Knaves that's never to be broke. It is a joyful thing when Brethren plunder together in unity. How d'ye, Plunder-master General?

Flea. We have all arriv'd at excellent nick-names; to say truth, according to our several degrees and ways of Plundering: but you, Cornet, have a name that's proper for all Cornets to be call'd by; for they are all Beardless boys in our Army: for the most part of our Horse were rais'd thus, The honest Country Gentleman raises the Troop at his own charge, then he gets a Low-Country Lieutenant to fight his Troop safely, then sends for his son from School to be his Cornet, and he puts off his Childs coat to put on a Buff-coat; and this is the constitution of our Army: So I salute you, Cornet *Beardless*. Thou art call'd *Ferret-farm*, because thou art so terrible valiant amongst the Country-Bumpkins, and *Aspin* because thou shakest and tremblest in a day of Battel.

Ferret. Whoo pox, this is absolute malice.

Corn. There thou art out; for this is neither malice nor anger, but down-right truth.

Flea. You abuse him. i'faith. I have seen him up to the chin in bloud.

Corn. 'Twas in a Saw-pit then: yet when the Armies meet (I'll say that for him) he will draw up as confidently, as if he would take a General by the Beard; and he will as confidently ride out of the Army before the Battel joyns: and if any man ask him whither he goes, he says he is sent for Orders, so you hear of him no more; and the next day you find him as sure in a Saw-pit.

Ferret. Pray let the Saw-pit alone, and provoke me not: good men have done the like; therefore be not too bold with your betters.

Flea. Provoke him not; for he's a Devil at a Sword, though he tremble at a Gun.

Ferret. A Gun, I confess, is as terrible to me as Thunder and Lightning, they're out of my Element. Well, but leave this discourse, and so you do not laugh at me, I'll tell you a story.

Flea.

Flea. What is't ?

Ferret. Why, faith our *Dol's* with child, and lays it to me.

Burn. Pox on her, she was with me this morning, and I compounded with her, for five pound.

Terret. The whore had seven of me, by this light.

Corn. An excellent cunning quean! She knows the family of the *Flea-flints* are ever the money'd men of a Troop. I'll make use of my time too : give me ten pound to keep counsel, or I'll make you the laughing-stock o'th' Army.

Flea. Thou wilt not turn treacherous Rogue now sure.

Corn. 'Tis no treachery. Shew me a Souldier that will not take advantage.

Flea. I, of the enemy.

Corn. For ten pound any man's my enemy or friend : there's another principle for you , and very fit for the *Flea-flints* to make use of.

Burn. We scorn to compound ; but we will lend you so much money, if you will mortgage the next fresh Quarters.

Corn. I'll do't.

Burn. Then there's your ten pound.

Corn. Now are you men of Inheritance, now you have a good title to every mans goods and chattels ; and for ten pound more I'll help you to a Lawyer shall plead it, and make it good to you and your Heirs for ever.

Enter Tell-troth.

Tell. God give you good morn, Sirs : I pray you which of you is the Captain Commander ?

Flea. Why, friend, we have ne'er a Captain here, he lyes Leiger at *Oxford*, to give the King intelligence when his Troop beats or is beaten.

Corn. There y'are a scandalous rascal : some Captains, I confess, have that trick ; but our Captain always fights his Troop himself : but we have a good Lieutenant here, if that will serve your turn.

Burn. I, he's too good for us, I would the Devil had him.

Corn. What's thy business?

Tell. I'd be a Trooper.

Ferret.

Ferret. And canst thou fight ?

Tell. Wilt thou try ?

Ferret. No, faith, friend, I believe thee. Wast' ever a Soldier ?

Tell. I, a Parliament one.

Flea. What, and did'st thou run away ?

Tell. No, I walk'd this pace : I scorn to run.

Burn. I believe this fellow's a Spy.

Tell. You lye ; I am very honest. Now dare you fight ?

Burn. No, by my troth, not with thee.

Tell. Then remember, if any body want the lye, you had it last.

Flea. This is such a fellow as I never met with. Yet why did'st thou leave the Parliament ?

Tell. For the same cause that I believe I shall leave you.

Flea. What's that ?

Tell. Because I lik'd 'em not.

Ferret. Who was thy Captain ?

Tell. One Captain *Verily Rett.*

Ferret. Of what Profession was he ?

Tell. Of every ones Profession, I think.

Ferret. What's that ?

Tell. An Hypocrite.

Burn. And dost thou come out of love to the King ?

Tell. No ; I come to see fashions.

Burn. But why did'st thou leave thy Captain ?

Tell. Because he is an Hypocrite, a yea and nay knave ; he cannot endure to plunder, but (in a godly manner) he will take all he can lay his hands on.

Corn. But wilt thou fight for the King out of stark love and kindness.

Tell. No ; I'll fight for him as all men fight for Kings, partly for love, partly for my own ends. I'll fight bravely for a Battalion or two ; then beg an old house to make a Garrison of, grow rich, consequently a coward, and then let the Dog bite the Bear, or the Bear the Dog, I'll make my own peace, I warrant you ; and, in short, this is my business hither.

Enter

Enter Lieutenant.

Lient. Where are you, Sirs? the Captain has brought Orders to march, but whither I know not; and better news than that, he has brought pay, Boys.

Fled. I hope you are not angry, Lieutenant.

Lient. I am not yet; but I shall be very suddenly, therefore provide against it: the next fresh quarter you will have advantage enough. I hope we understand of all hands.

Flea. 'Tis sufficient, Lieutenant.

Corp. But here's the strangest fellow come to be a Trooper.

Lient. He's welcome. Hast thou a good Horse, friend?

Tell. No, but I've a bridle; and if you'll entertain me, I shall quickly have a horse. Are you the Captain?

Lient. I am but Lieutenant, friend.

Tell. Ho, I thought you had all been Captains, I'm sure you are all call'd so.

Enter Captain.

Lient. But here comes one that is so: this is a very Captain.

Tell. I tell thee that's very much. What's his name?

Lient. Captain Honor.

Tell. I have you such a thing as Honor amongst you?

Capt. Lieutenant, get your Corporals together, and give 'em Orders to make ready for a march; and be sure you charge 'em to see every Horse in their Squadrons shod, otherwise we shall have 'em lye behind drinking and plundering, and then pretend they stay to shooe their Horses: let me hear no more on't.

Tell. 'Tis possible a very Captain may be honest.

Lient. But, Sir, before you do any thing, talk with this fellow: he would fain be a Trooper.

Capt. Now, friend, would'st thou be a Souldier?

Tell. Yes, if I could light of a good side: a right cause, and good men to manage it.

Capt. On my word, that's shrewdly put. Well, I'll promise thee a good cause, and some good men: in multitudes all are not vertuous, nor valiant.

Tell. That's well said: I think I shall begin to take a liking

to you. But, Captain, I hear a man may learn to flea a flint amongst you, to drink and plunder.

Capt. D'ye hear that rascals?

But where did'st thou hear this report of us?

Tell. In a *London*-pulpit : but another sort of people told me, they preach'd Interest more than Gospel; so that a man knows not which side to take.

Capt. Nay, upon my word, thou art come to the right side.

Tell. I ghes as much; for you talk worse than you do, and they do worse than they talk.

Capt. This is an odd kind of fellow, and I believe a dangerous. Friend, withdraw, while I read my Orders to my Officers.

Tell. A word in your ear first, are you wonderful honest?

Capt. Thou art a strange blunt fellow : yes, I am honest.

Tell. But are you wise too? for else the want of wit to manage your honesty, may make you a knave. I know 'tis some mens cases.

Capt. Thou dost surprise me : sure thou hast more business than to be a Trooper.

Tell. I have so ; but I must ask you another question ere you know it. Are you stanch enough to keep a secret? Be not angry ; many of your party cannot hold : for tell you news, and you fly, like lightning, to the next man to disgorge it, and so it goes round till it comes to the Enemy ; and thus you betray your business, and intend it not neither.

Capt. I have not heard so dangerous a man. Pray, friend, think me worthy to know your business.

Tell. You shall. And to shew you that I have business, I know what your Orders are.

Capt. Why, 'tis impossible.

Tell. Nothing impossible : you are to remove your Troop to *Cilstow*, there quarter till further Orders, but not to go to bed, for you are within three miles of a little house call'd *Thieves-den* Garrison, and you are to expect a company of Foot to quarter with you : is this your Orders?

Capt. You amaze me! how came you by this intelligence?

Tell.

Tell. It came to *Thieves-den* house this morning, and so to me. I am their Confidant, and would fain be yours.

Capt. Do you not know who sent it?

Tell. No, nor they neither; there's the subtle carriage of the thing.

Capt. But pray, Sir, let me ask you who you are?

Tell. I am a plain, honest-meaning man, a neighbour to that Garrison of *Thieves-den*, and one that has div'd into the bottom of both your parties, and find that you have faults, but the other great wickedness.

Flea. I do not like this fellow, he had a sling against drink.

Ferret. And plundering; but twenty to one he hath paid for't.

Flea. He had a plaguy jerk at slaying of flints too.

Capt. What if you went to *Oxford* with me?

Tell. So I may be hang'd when I come home again; for they will know it as sure. Pray let me eat, and refresh my self, and then conclude of something. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dol, and calls Lieutenant back.

Dol. Lieutenant, I'd speak with you.

Lient. *Dol*, I'll come to thee presently. [*Exit.*]

Dol. I cannot say I am with child, but with children; for here has been all Nations, and all Languages to boot: if the several Tongues should work upwards now, and I speak all Languages? why, I am not the first learned woman; but I believe the first that ever came by her learning that way. If I should have for every man that has been dealing here a child, and if the children should be born with every one a Back and Brest on, as they were got? Bless me, what hard labour should I have! But, for all this, I hope I do not go with above a Squadron of children. But to my business. I mean to lay this great belly to every man that has but touch'd my Apron-strings. I thank the Law, 'tis very favourable in this point; for when I have play'd the whore, the Law gives me leave to play the rogue, and lay it to whom I will.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lient. Why how now *Dol*? how go matters with you, good *Dol*?

Dol. I desire you stand my friend, Sir, you see my condition.

Lieut. Thou wilt not lay thy child to my charge, I hope.

Dol. No, Sir, I have more wit; my drift is to lay it to more than one man, or one Squadron: Sir, I understand there's a months pay in your hands; and I am resolv'd to lay this great belly to every man round the Troop; some I have struck already, and they have very fairly compounded with me; some, I suppose, may baffle and stand out, but if you will countenance me, then they must compound at our rates.

Lieut. But *Dol*, what benefit is this to me? for I profess no friendship, but follow the general principle of mankind, *Dol*; which is to pick the money out of thy pocket to put it into mine. So, *Dol*, in plain terms what will you give me?

Dol. Why, Lieutenant, you shall go snips.

Lieut. Why, *Dol*, we are agreed: but after we have struck the Troop round, who dost thou pitch upon to father it?

Dol. Why, faith, I did design to marry Monsieur *Raggon*, the French Cook, that rides in your Troop.

Lieut. Thou wilt never indure to live with him, 'tis such a nasty slovenly rogue.

Dol. 'Tis no matter for living with him; I want a husband.

Lieut. He stinks above ground: he has not had a shirt on's back time out of mind.

Dol. That makes it a fit match; for, by my troth, I do not deserve a man that's worth a shirt.

Lieut. Well, *Dol*, upon the aforesaid terms, you're sure of me, play your game with all confidence.

Dol. Well, I'll to work amongst 'em presently: or if I might gain you to advance my greater desires, which is my Cornet's Boy that waits on him; I am foolish, for I love him strangely, desperately. A hundred pounds, in plain terms, make him mine.

Lieut. But, *Dol*, where is this hundred pound?

Dol. I have shark'd these four years, and made a shift to scrape four hundred pounds together.

Lieut.

Lient. Still I say you're sure of me, with ready money.

Enter Monsieur Raggou and his Landlady.

Well, *Dol*, away ; here comes Monsieur *Raggou*, step aside.

Dol. O let him have his money : if our Cornets Boy fail, I'll have him, or he shall certainly keep the child. *[Exit.*

Rag. Landlady, come, take a my Pistol and lock in your Trunk very safe.

Land. Yes, Sir.

Rag. Take heed, for begar you will be hang if my Pistol run away.

Land. O Lord, I'll take no charge on't.

Rag. You roundhead whore, lock it up, or me will kill you, begar.

Land. I'll take all the care I can on't, Sir. *[Exit.*

Rag. So, me will steal my Pistol from her trunk, and say she carry it to de Enemy, and den me will so plundra de dam whore.

Enter Bumpkin.

Stand ; who are you for, Bumpkin ?

Bum. O Lord, Sir, I am for no body.

Rag. You Dog, be you for de King, or de Parliamenta ?

Bum. Why I am for—— pray, Sir, who are you for ?

Rag. Tank you for dat. Begar you be very full wid cunning : you will be of my a side, if me name my self first. Speak, you dam Dog, who be you for ?

Bum. Intruth it is not good manners to say who I am for : your worship ought to speak first.

Rag. Pox take you, me be for de Parliament, you Dog.

Bum. O the Lord blefs your worship, I am for the good Parliament too.

Rag. Je'rny, I am for de King, you roundhead Dog : begar me will plundra you soul and body.

Bum. O good Sir, spare me ; I am for the King.

Rag. Diable, me will plundra you for being *Jack* of both sides. Diantie, he have but one filling about his soul and bodee. Get you gone, you Dog. *[Exit Bumpkin.]*

Begar, me have no luck, zoun me plundra every day dis tre

years, and begar me never get but one filling or one six penne, begar. Ha! Monsieur Lieutenant, me hear very brave ting of you.

Lient. What's that?

Rag. Me hear you have some Largion for Monsieur La Soldier: pray how much will come to Monsieur Moy?

Lient. Faith, Monsieur, some three pounds.

Rag. How, tre pone? whar be de tre pone? how much be tre pone?

Lient. Why, here 'tis, Monsieur, so much as you see.

Rag. Begar, sure you mock a de moy; begar me never see so much money togeder in my life. Me will lye down and tumble in my money like de Dog dat tumbla in de carrion, it is so sweet. O brave Capitain, O brave Lieutenant, Gad a blest de King of *England*, and de King of *France* too, when he give me tre pone. Lieutenant, be to be mad a dangerous ting?

Lient. O, very dangerous.

Rag. Begar dere be your tre pone again, it will make a me tark a mad; me no know vat me fall do with all dis money: begar me admire tre pone of all ting in dis varle; it vill make de great Turk de Christian, or de Christian de Turk, better den all de argument in de varle. Pray, Lieutenant, keep dis money for me one two tre year, till me take counsel of all my friend in *France* vat me fall do wid dat.

Lient. Go to *Oxford*, and buy some necessaries with it; you are so nasty, no body is able to come near you; buy some shirts, to keep you sweet and clean.

Rag. Buy some shart? Me love you very vell, Lieutenant, but you no understand: for vat fall me have some shart?

Lient. To keep your self sweet, and from being lowfie.

Rag. Who can see my shart? here be my doublet come close, my coat come over all dat, den who de devil see my shart? For vat fall me have a shart, when no body see my shart?

Lient. But then you want stockins, and twenty necessaries.

Rag. Me pull up my boot, who see me have a stockin? you vill have a littel English tricka, and never understand: for vat vill you have more ting about you, den vat vill make a shew in de varle, and every body can see? Pray let me lay out my money to please my own fancee.

Lient. With all my heart.

Rag. Den me vill lay it out for my honor, and for de honor of de King, and my Lieutenant: So adieu. Buy shart? who see my shart?

[*Exit.*]

Enter Dol.

Dol. Faith, Lieutenant, I'l at him, and some of the rest presently; therefore leave me to work: I am asham'd, I am such a fool to doat on a Boy, but no remedy: remember, therefore, and about it.

Lient. Do you remember the hundred pound; I'l work him, fear not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Enter Dol Troop.

Dol. **N**ow to my business. My Flint-flayer compounded with me very civilly, that I did fear would have out-witted me: I am afraid of nothing but an impudent rogue that has no shame in him, that will father the child rather than part with his money, and so spoil my compounding with the rest of the Troop. I'l be as wise as I can; so have among 'em.

Enter a Trooper.

Troop. What a pox makes she here?

Dol. How d'ye, Mr. William? I'm come to tell you I am gone half my time, that you may provide; for I am quick.

Troop.

Troop. Art thou? faith, I'll be as quick as thou art, for I'll be in *Holland* (if the wind serve) to morrow. [Exit.]

Dol. 'Slife, if they should all boggle thus, I should make a thin Troop on't.

Enter Raggon.

Rag. O, Madam *Dol*! O dee, O dee?

Dol. You see how I do: I am near my time, I desire you to provide. You swore a thousand oaths to me you would keep the child.

Rag. But me did but swear in French, Madam *Dol*, and dat vill no stand good in English Law, Madam *Dol*.

Dol. Come, Sir, come, I'll make you father my child, or I'll make you do worse: will you compound?

Rag. Me scorn to compone, and scorn to fader your shild; you be a dam whore, Madam *Dol*.

Dol. You are a Rascal, Mr. Monsieur, and I'll make you father the child in spite of your French teeth.

Rag. Begar, Madam *Dol*, you be de great whore de *Babylon*; begar, me vill make appear noting can get you wid child but de May-pole in de *Strana*: and den me can make appear, by good vitteness, dat me have no May-pole abouta me: So adieu, Madam *Babylon*: Pox take you, me fader your dam son of a whore shild! [Exit.]

Dol. You fickle Frenchman, I shall be reveng'd on thee: I'll marry thee, but I'll be reveng'd on thee.

Enter Cornet, Lieutenant and Biddy.

But here comes my Cornet and his Boy, and the Lieutenant: I see he is mindful of my business. [Exit.]

Lient. Cornet, I have an earnest and (by my troth) a most pleasant suit to you.

Cor. You cannot miss the grant of it. What is't?

Lient. But first, do you love money?

Cor. By my troth, I know not; for I never had a sum worth loving in my life yet.

Lient. Will fifty pound do any hurt?

Cor. But what must I do for it? betray the Troop to the enemy, or some Garrison? for under that I cannot deserve fifty pound.

Lient.

Lient. Towns are not so cheap yet: though Treason be plentiful, 'tis not grown a Drug. But to my suit: you are to know that our *Dol* is desperately in love, and with whom.

Cor. Not with me? I find I must earn this fifty pound.

Lient. No such matter: you have too great a conceit of your good face.

Bid. Indeed you lye, Lieutenant: for he can never think too well of that face. *[Aside.*

Cor. Who is it she is in love with?

Lient. By my troth with thy Boy here: desperately in love with thy Boy.

Bid. The Devil take her for her pains. But why do I curse her, that am so desperately in love my self? *[Aside.*

Cor. Why, this story is very pleasant, if you knew all.

Bid. O Lord, you will not tell him what I am, I hope?

Cor. Lieutenant, I must deny your suit, for it must not be a match; for the Boy is, in plain terms, a Girl.

Bid. The Devil take you for telling him.

Cor. Why so? my Lieutenant's very faithful.

Lient. A Girl? Let me see your face.

Bid. O you unworthy man! Good Sir, forgive me, for I am even ready to scold.

Lient. This is the pretty young daughter that belong'd to your Winter Quarters, and so came away for love?

Bid. Yes, Sir; but if your Cornet had been true, I had been past Love by this time: I had been married.

Lient. Why, are all marry'd people past love?

Bid. Yes, Sir, of the mens side especially: but, Sir, I am naturally very merry, and shall be, if you will but do me the favour to think me very honest.

Lient. I shall do you a great favour, if I do, for I never thought any body so-yet; but if it please you, I'll try your honesty, and then I'll give you my opinion.

Bid. Be not rude when you try me, if you be, you were better venture on a Maiden-Cat at midnight, for I shall scratch worse,

worse, and so mark you, not for my humble servant, but my humble Catterwauler.

Lient. I could meet such a creature o'th' house top, at any hour, and scratch, and squeak, and tumble down together, and get the prettyest Kitlings as we fall:

Bid. I am glad to see you merry, Sir; for merry people are likely honest.

Lient. Well, we'll try; but, if you love mirth, consent to marry with this *Dol*: there's money for us all. [Exit.

Bid. Content, i'faith. 'Twill be excellent sport to marry her, for I love roguery well enough; but, the Devil's in't, she'll know me to be a Girl.

Enter Dol, aloof.

Cor. No, no; she shall not come near you, nor touch you, till she's brought to bed; then two to one but the Troop marches away, and leaves her behind; then I'm sure the Country-Bumpkins will knock her o'th' head.

Dol. There's a Cornet in grain, i'faith.

Bid. Troth, you are very charitable. Well, since my hand's in at wearing Breeches, I'll do all the Offices of a man: I would I had wherewithal to perform; for, by my troth, I am weary of our own Sex.

Dol. She cries, i'faith: I like that well.

Cor. You little fool, you do not cry, I hope?

Bid. No, faith, that was but a tear by chance. You made me leave my friends (you know) when you talk'd of marriage to me; but not one word on't now you have made me your Be-de-Boy.

Dol. I know not what to say to that.

Cor. We'll talk of those things when we are settled.

Bid. By my troth, you have put me in such a gog of marriage, that it will not out of my head: and yet I scorn to ask you to marry me, and I scorn to crack a commandment with you: was not that basely done of you to tempt me? but I shall scold, which is a thing I hate. O base fellow, if you would be going o'th' score with me, for my Virginity? Faith, Sir, I'd have you know 'tis worth ready money at any time; and
faith,

faith, I'll swear, it shall ne'er go under Matrimony.

Dol. She is honest, i' faith : I love a vertuous woman, though I am none my self ; like him that lov'd the sound of Greek, though he understood it not. She is right honest, i' faith.

Bid. Marry me, and then halloo Dog for thy Silver collar ; but till then, I'll gnaw my under-sheet to the bed-cord, before you shall have your will of me. I am sometimes mad when I think how I left my friends : sometimes I could scold, and sometimes I could cry, and the Devil take that good face of yours, I can do neither for it.

Cor. Come, come, you trust your person with me, and why not your virginity ? How long do you think you can hold out at this stanch rate.

Bid. Faith, Sir, I can hold out till it's fit for no body : till I'm past the use of man, before thou shalt have it, shameless wretch.

Dol. She is plainly honest, and that's half our work done.

Cor. Come, prethee let's think of our mock-marriage with *Dol*, and after we'll be serious.

Bid. Why, I'm for that too ; but yet I cannot chuse but cry to see how false you are, and how they talk at home of me, she's run away with a Souldier, and that rascal will not marry her. O the Devil take you, I shall never recover that credit again !

Cor. Come, we'll cozen 'em all at last.

Bid. Nay, I believe thou'lt cozen more than me ; for what woman can forbear running away with thee, that sees those keering eyes, thou bewitching Devil, thou !

Cor. O remember you hate scolding ; *Biddy* !

Bid. I had forgot that, indeed.

Cor. Nay, Pr'ythee no more of this story.

Bid. Well, I will not : but truly I grow weary of your unkindness ; and I am serv'd well enough, for scorning a man that doated on me.

Dol. A ha ! I marry, that's somewhat indeed.

Bid. But I see, a Cornet with his flying Colours, and his

word, *Have at all*, goes a great way with a virgin : who can resist it? [Exit.]

Enter Captain, Lieutenant and Tell-troth.

Capt. Lieutenant, stay and receive Orders. But, Sir, how many companies are there in *Thievers-den* Garrison?

Tell. Ne'er a Company ; for not one of 'em will be call'd Captain of a Company, but Captain of a Congregation. One is call'd Captain *Holdforth*, another, Captain *Text* ; Rogues mark'd at the Font for Rebellion.

Capt. Rebellion is the first point of Reformation always.

Tell. They are form'd to a new stamp of villany, the last Impression ; that which put the Devil into a cold sweat : take the wickedest and worst-reputed men you have, and turn 'em loose to Plunder, and I defie 'em to make the Tythe o'th' spoil these hypoërites have done.

Capt. You are very bitter.

Tell. Malice cannot lay 'em open : they Lecture it thrice a week, and summon the Country to come in : they that refuse, they take their goods, and leave 'em ne'er a groat ; and then they say, They took but their own, for the good creature is the inheritance of the people of Gad.

Capt. It seems, every Captain is a Teacher, and his own Company is his Congregation ; so that they hang and draw Religion among themselves. No doubt most blasphemous villains.

Tell. Well, Sir, I'll home to night ; march your Troop to *Livel* to morrow ; stay till I come to you : So fare you well ; and I wish a blessing upon your good meaning. [Exit.]

Capt. Lieutenant, be careful how you march to morrow, and take heed, I hear of no complaint. I'll to *Oxford* in the morning, to give an account of this fellow.

Lieut. I hope you'll allow us our old harmless Drolleries,

Capt. I, most freely. [Exit.]

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Lieutenant, half the Troop will be gone ; *Del* has laid her child to 'em all, and they're for *Horse* and away.

Lieut. What shall we do?

Cor.

Cor. Indea'our to prevent it, that is all that's to be said. *[Exit.]*

Enter a Trooper with his Arms, and Monsieur Raggou meets him.

Rag. Ow dee, ow dee, Monsieur Lancashire? vat make you have your arms so late at night? is dere Alarm? be de enemy in de quarteer?

1 Troop. Worse than the enemy, the Devil's in the Quarter: our *Dol* is with child, and would lay it to me; but I'll lay down my Arms, and go home.

Rag. Begar, me vil lay down my Arms, and go home too; Ha! begar, now I tink, me have no home. *[Exit.]*

1 Troop. Captain, Captain.

Within. Who's there? what's the matter?

1 Troop. Thomas, 'tis I; the old Mutinier: tell the Captain I must speak with him.

Within. He is but just laid down on the bed, to sleep a little. Come i'th' morning.

1 Troop. Flesh deu blood, I will speak with him!

Captain above.

Capt. What's the matter? an Alarm?

1 Troop. I marry is there, Captain; there will be a whole Squadron upon you presently.

Capt. Sdeath, my horse, presently.

1 Troop. The Enemy *Dol* is fahn into our Lancashire quarters, and has laid her Child to our Squadron: so here is your Back and your Brest, Captain, and I'll go home.

Enter four Troopers and Raggou.

2 Troop. Flesh, we'l father no child, not we.

Rag. Begar, me vil fader no child too. Hey Monsieur Captain, here be your one Pistole.

3 Troop. Captain, we have brought you some Lancashire Arms; here is ten or eleven Sowze Kidgions for you.

Cap. What a Devil ay is the fellows? *[Above.]*

Rag. Begar, Capitain, me vill keep no child: your dam *Ma-dam Dol* have get us all with a child.

Capt. Run for the quean to come to me: I shall have all my Troop forsake me. Stay, Sirs, I'll come to you: I must as

well humour 'em as be severe, or else no Souldiers.

[Exit from above.]

Rag. Vell, me do know very vell how it fall be my shild or no.

4 Troop. Well, Monsieur, and I have a mark to know whether it be mine or no, as well as you.

2 Troop. And so we have all.

Enter Captain and Cornet.

Capt. My Masters, you might have had so much manners to have held your complaints till morning; but however I have sent for Dol, and I'll do you justice before I stir now. How now, Raggon; what are thy sleeves stuff'd withal so?

Rag. Begar, dis sleeve be my Stabla, dere be good Oata for mine Arse: and dis sleeve be my Kitchin, dere be meat for my self. Vill you eat dis morning, Capitain?

Capt. Foh, your sleeves stink abominably.

Rag. Zoun, do you call dat a stinka? 'tis true, it have a little huggo: begar, dis sleeve keep your Troop alive; dis sleeve is de Physician to all de Troop: When any man be sick, me set on some hot vatera, dere let my sleeve boyl one hour in it, and dat make de comfortable Portage in de varle. Have not me cure you all?

4 Troop. Yes, indeed, Captain, he has cur'd us twenty times.

Rag. Begar, Capitain, me have cure that dam whore Madam Dol, and yet for all dat she lay her shild a top upon me.

Enter Dol.

Capt. O, here she is. Now (you audacious quean) what makes you Alarm these people thus? Who got you with child? speak, and speak truth I charge you.

Dol. Why then I will speak truth, an't please you: good Captain do not fright me.

Capt. Well then, Is it his child? did he get it?

Dol. I cannot say absolutely 'tis his, Captain.

Capt. Why, is it this fellows?

Dol. I cannot say directly 'tis his neither.

Capt. Is it Monsieur Raggon's?

Dol.

Dol. I cannot say (to speak truth) 'tis his in particular.

Capt. Death, (you abominable quean) say whose 'tis, or I'll slit your nose.

Dol. Why, truly, I cannot lay it to any one man ; but Gad is my judge, 'tis the Troops child, Captain.

Capt. Was ever such a slut heard of!

Dol. I desire your worship to believe me in one thing: truly Captain, and as Gad's my comfort, I have been as true and faithful a woman to the Troop, as ever wife was to a husband, Captain.

Rag. O, ho, are you so? me tink now, Madam *Dol*, you are de whore de *Babylon* ; for one whole Troop may make a May-pole.

Capt. Why this is some honesty yet, that she is true to the Troop.

Rag. Ould, Capitain, for oughta me see dis shild be your shild.

Capt. How prove you that, Sir?

Rag. Begar, she say de shild belong to de Troop, and you say de Troop belong to you ; derefore de shild is your shild, begar.

Capt. But I'll make seme of you father it. There is none of you but have some private mark to know it (to be your own) by.

4 Troop. Faith, Captain, if it be born with a Gauntlet and a Head-piece on, I'll own it.

2 Troop. Troth, Captain, if it be born with a Bridle in its hand, and Boots and Spurs on, I'll own it.

1 Troop. Troth, Captain, I ne'er touch'd her ; I was about it once ; but the jade laid her self so like a Constable ty'd neck and heels together, that I went to plunder her, and she up and beat me like a Dog.

3 Troop. And, by my troth, if it be born leading a horse into the world, 'tis my child, Captain.

Rag. Ould : you every one have a mark to know your shild : Madam *Dol*, before my Capitain, if your shild be born wid never a shart, den it be my shild ; for me have had no shart dis forty week,

Enter

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. By your leave, Captain.

Capt. What want you, *Asspin*?

Ferret. I come to free all these men, and to own the child, Captain.

Dol. How, own my child? the Rogue never touch'd me in his life, Captain.

Ferret. Ha; *Dol*! Confess, confess. Will you have the truth, Captain?

Capt. I, prythee, with all my heart.

Ferret. Why, then I must confess she goes with two children: one I got on the great trunks end, and the other on a stair-case, by my life, Captain.

Cap. I never heard of stair-case children before.

Rag. But vat if de shild be born wid. no shart? you fall be hang before your fader my shild.

Dol. Captain, if I were to dye to morrow, the rogue never touch'd me.

Ferret. I'll cudgel the rogue to death, Captain.

Capt. Hold, hold.

Rag. Let him come, Captain: me vill kill him, begar.

[Draws and throws off his coat.]

Capt. Hold *Dol*. I charge you to put up, Monsieur.

Rag. Me vill put up den.

Capt. Not one word more, I charge you, but all to your quarters. Be gone, Cornet, 'tis time to sound to Horse; and take heed I hear of no complaints.

Rag. Begar, me never see all dat before; diable, me be Monsieur *Raggon* indeed: me vill put on my coat presan, for begar if Monsieur Dung-hill-raker see me, begar he vill put me in his sack.

[Exeunt.]

Enter twelve Troopers at sick doors: two at a door.

1 Troop. Pox of this French fool, what does he mean to give us all Ribbons? we do but laugh at him.

3 Troop. His business is to be admir'd; I admire he has bought him ne'er a shirt.

2 Troop. He is like the Hypocrites, that will not sing Psalms, because

because they've ne'er a Room to the street, they cannot be heard.

4 Troop. And so he'll have ne'er a shirt because it cannot be seen.

Enter Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, and Burndorp.

Lient. Come, to horse, to horse.

Flea. Lieutenant, pray let Monsieur *Raggou* ride before, and make the Quarters to night.

Ferret. Pray do, Sir: for every fresh quarter we know you expect, and therefore you must wink.

Lient. But, Sirs, I dare not own you, for my Captain is so severe, that I protest he'll hang any man that plunders; especially you Flint-flayers, that he has forgiven so often.

Burn. Why, Sir, we'll venture that, for we have a way to come off.

Lient. Pray how? for if the Country complain (and they discover you) the world cannot save you.

Flea. Why, Sir, you know Monsieur *Raggou* has a remarkable coat, with one sleeve always full of Meat for himself, and the other full of Oats for his horse.

Lient. Well, what then?

Flea. Why, I have such a coat; and I will stuff up the sleeves, and rob like him; I can spatter French, and have every thing so like him, that your self cannot distinguish.

Lient. Well, and how rob the rest?

Ferret. To satisfy you, in such disguises as the Devil cannot find us out in.

Lient. You'll do well to keep in those disguises still, for I faith he'll find you at the long run else. Well, if you will venture, do; I'll aid you in what I can.

Burn. If the Country complain, they come directly to you, Lieutenant.

Ferret. Then you bid 'em describe the men, and without peradventure they fall upon the Frenchman, with his remarkable sleeves.

Lient. But suppose he stand it out, and make it out where he was in the time of plundering?

Flea.

Flea. That's shrewd, I confess.

Lieut. Come, I'll help you. If the Country-men come in, and describe him, I'll go directly to him, and tell him, I have Orders to seize him, for my Captain is resolv'd to hang him: so out of my kindness to him, I'll let him make his escape; and I'll warrant he'll away as if the Devil drove him.

Ferret. But, suppose he will not go at that neither, for he's impudent enough.

Lieut. Ha! if he will not (let me see) I'll write a Letter and have it ready in my hand, and we'll pretend to search him for Letters of Intelligence, and so clap the Letter into his pocket, and pull it out again, which shall be as if it came from the enemy, and that (according to his promise, they hope) he will betray the Troop.

Ferret. I marry, this is something: needs must he go, that the Devil drives.

Flea. Then much more must he go that the Lieutenant drives: I warrant he goes to some purpose.

Ferret. Good; and when he is gone and fled for't——

Lieut. The case is plain, he's guilty: none but he could do it.

Burn. Why, this is Plot and Intrigue, Lieutenant, bravely laid, Faith.

Flea. Why then *Esperanza Flea-flint*.

Ferret. What work we'll make!

Enter Raggou and his Landlady.

Lieut. Here comes the poor rogue, and his Landlady: he little thinks of our Tragical design against him. I'll step aside, and see what work he'll make. [Exeunt.]

Rag. Come Ladlady, bring me my Pistole, me must march.

Land. I, Sir, I'll fetch it you: 'tis safe enough. [Exit.]

Rag. Begar, me have steal my Pistole, me vill make her believe she vill be hang, and den she vill endure plundering debetra. But (pox take her) me have search, and she have noting to plundra.

Enter Landlady.

Land. O Lord, what shall I do, Monsieur? your Pistol's gone.

Rag.

Rag. Ha!

Land. It is gone, it is stoln.

Rag. Ha! you have carry my Pistole to de enemy (you dam whore) Begar, you fall hang tre pair of Stair higher den Human.

Land. Truly I know not what's become on't: I hope you have it your self.

Rag. O, you dam whore, me vill plundra your house for slander a moy.

Land. Good, Sir, I have nothing worth plundering, but a great Cheese.

Rag. Give me your Sheese, you devil you.

Land. Here it is, Sir, and all I have in the world.

Rag. Pox take you, give me one shilling for my Sheese.

Land. With all my heart: truly it's all the money I have.

Rag. Now give me my Sheese agen, you dam whore: Vat fall me do wid dis Sheese? it vill not go into my Kitchin-sleeve. Begar, for one shilling more you fall have the Sheese indeed.

Land. You'l plunder it again?

Rag. Begar, it go agen my conscience to take your Sheese, because it vill no go in my Kitchin sleeve.

Land. I have not a peny to save my life.

Rag. Begar, me sell it to your Neighbour.

Enter Neighbour.

Vat vill you give me for my Sheese.

Land. It's my Cheese.

Rag. Begar she lye, me plunder it very fair from her.

Neighb. Then I hope I may buy plundred goods as well as other people. What's your price?

Rag. Begar, Dog-sheep: one silling.

Neighb. There's your money.

Land. Will you offer to buy my Cheese?

Neighb. 'Tis my Cheese.

Land. I'll try that.

[*Fight & exeunt.*]

Rag. Begar, fight till de devil part you.

Enter Lieutenant, and all the Troopers.

O Monsieur Lieutenant!

Lieut. What dost with that Cheefe?

Rag. My Landlady love me vera dear, and she give me dis Sheefe as a token to wear for her sake.

Lieut. Raggon, you must needs go make the quarters for the Troop.

Rag. Wid all min heart. But, Lieutenant, dere be a favour for you. [*Gives him a knot of Ribbon.*]

Lieut. But what is the meaning of this?

Rag. Begar, it be for my honer: me have lay out all my tre pone in Ribbon, and give all de Troop my favour to wear in de Hat.

Lieut. What, and is all thy three pound gone in Ribbon, and bought never a shirt? 'Tis very fine.

Rag. Begar, and so it be very fine. As me tell you before, who de devil see my shart? all de varle see Monsieur *Raggon* in de Hat: every man vill admire, and ask, who gave all that favour to de Troop? den dey cry, Monsieur *Raggon* de French Cook: begar, dat fall be more honer for me, den ever you fall get by your shart.

Lieut. Thou art a right Frenchman. My horse there, Groom: Let's march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, and Burndorp.

Flea. **I**S not this like him as can be?

Burn. 'Tis like enough to delude the people with.

Flea. I'll rant and tear the ground, Boys. I will so plundra all de dam Bumpkin Dog.

Ferret. That will pass: that's his word: 'tis like him.

Flea. Be you pretty modest, Sirs, and let me play the devil among 'em. I will so terrifie 'em with French-gibberish, that you shall appear no body amongst 'em.

Burn. Good: for the more active and terrible thou art, they will the more remember thee when they come to complain, and so we shall be sure to scape.

Flea. Come away, Sirs; we must be quick, and ride hard for't. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Raggou like Flea-flint.

Rag. Begar, me have make my self like *Flea-flint*, and me vill burn one two Town as me go to make a de Quarter; and me vill speak English, and me vill call my self *Flea-flint*: let me see. Come, where is this Constable? where are all these damn'd dery damn'd Rogues and Whores? I'll slay your very souls, you beastly Bawds. Begar, all dat be very good English, and it be very much like Monsieur *Flea-flint*, and begar, me hope he vill be taken and hang for dat, for begar me vill plundra de devel if me catch him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cornet and Biddy.

Cor. Come, let me see, *Biddy*, how finely you'll court your Mistress now.

Bid. I can court her as all men court women; you shall lend me two or three hundred oaths, your dissembling tongue,

and your false heart, and then I cannot miss the right way of wooing her.

Cor. This comes very near scolding, *Biddy*.

[Takes her by the chin.]

Bid. You make me forget my self: look you now, would any honest man take a Maid so kindly by the chin, and yet not mean to marry her?

Cor. Thou little fool, at that rate every man i'th' Kingdom would have ten thousand wives: if you'll part with your Maiden-head, have at you *Biddy*. Come, come, you loving worm, I know I shall have it at last.

Bid. Nay, o' my conscience I believe thee; yet I have held fast hitherto.

Cor. I am glad to hear that, i' faith.

Bid. But I find I must look no more on those eyes; if I do, i' faith I shall flutter so long about the Candle, that I shall singe my Virgin wings at last: I will therefore now conclude I am a man, and must go court my Mistress.

[Enter Lieutenant and Dol.]

Cor. Here's the Lieutenant and *Dol*, now behave your self like a man.

Bid. Could you shew me how to behave my self like an honest man? that's out of your way I doubt.

Dol. Still better and better. This confirms me.

Bid. Well, give me thy hand: I'm resolv'd to be very veracious, and very merry, and never think more of thee.

Cor. Well, Mrs. *Dol*, here's one has consented in part to marry you.

Dol. Pretty creature!

Bid. Ugly Toad. *Aside.*

Dol. Well, and will you be content to ride before me lovingly a days?

Lieut. I, and behind thee too; ride thee all the points o'th' Compass, wench, fear not.

Bid. O Lord, but is there so many ways of riding, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Hast thou liv'd to these years, and not known that yet?

Cor.

Cor. Well, but when will you marry?

Bid. Nay, by my faith, let us woo first, and then marry: because I believe there is more pleasure in wooing than in the effects of it.

Cor. Why do you not begin and court her then?

Bid. Nay, by my faith, let her begin first.

Lient. That's not the mode for the woman to woo the man.

Bid. That is, if the man love the woman; but that's not my case: for 'tis she loves me, not I her.

Lient. O, but in complaisance you must begin:

It is not civil to put a woman to't.

Bid. Not I, faith: pray forsooth do you begin.

Dol. Indeed it shall be yours.

Bid. I protest it shall be yours: therefore begin, or I vow I'll break off the match.

Dol. Nay, rather than so, I'll begin. Sweet, Sir, I am much, and greatly asham'd.

Bid. Were you ever so before, Mistress?

Dol. Yes, truly, I have been asham'd; but it is so long since——

Bid. That you have forgot it, I suppose. But I disturb you, forsooth.

Dol. No disturbance, sweet Sir. (I want fine words to express my love in.) I am sorry that the Cart-wheel of Fortune should drive me into the Coach-box of your affection.

Bid. Fortune will take it scurvily to call her wheel a Cart-wheel: besides, Coach-box and Cart-wheel did never agree in this world yet.

Dol. I am not able to express my love as it deserves; but I have four hundred pound in gold, if that will do it.

Bid. By my faith you express your self very well, and I will woo you heartily for it. Madam, you have struck me with such a desperate Dart, from those fair somewhat or other that you have about you.—— Are you sure you have the gold you spoke of?

Dol. Yes, my dear heart, very sure.

Bid. Then if I do not love you above all women-kind,
perish!

perish me, and sink me, refuse me, rot me, and renounce me.

Cor. Hold, hold, hold: do you call this wooing?

Bid. Yes faith; I had a Sister cast away with the very same speech, therefore do not interrupt me, for I know all mankind woos thus. And, as I was swearing, Madam, the Devil take——

Licut. Enough, enough, enough, enough.

Bid. But, Madam, are you satisfi'd?

Dol. I am, to the full: and do believe you.

Bid. But, if you please, Madam, now my hand is in, to accept of a hundred or two of oaths more.

Dol. No, no, no; by no means: I believe you without 'em, and I am yours.

Bid. I have not sworn out half my Alphabet yet.

Dol. You have done sufficiently, indeed.

Bid. Well, give me your hand then; you are the first woman certainly, that was ever gain'd with so little swearing.

Cor. Thou hast wooed her, and won her most bravely.

Bid. Have I? why, then I'm thine. But hark you, Lieutenant and Cornet, we will be married privately, and in the dark, because her face shall not turn my stomach. Madam, I have one ill humor, I cannot abide a woman with a bare face; therefore, if I could buy you a masque that would stick to your face, and never come off, I believe I should love you very well.

Dol. I'll have a Masque, or what you please, my dear:

Next bout, I hope, will be my turn to jeer.

Licut. Come, let's in, and visit our new Quarters.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Raggou making Quarters, Constables and Neighbours.

1 *Neighbb.* I beseech your worship do not quarter so many upon me: I'm but a poor man.

2 *Neighbb.* Alas poor man! you have over-charg'd him. Rogue, he has more money than half the Town.

Rag. You be a dam Dog to betray your Neighbour: who would tink to find de devel in a Country-Bumpkin! Begar, me vill make use of your develry.

1 *Neighbb.*

1 *Neighbb.* I pray your worship take four horse from me.

Rag. You be a dam rich Dog : begar, you shall have a Squadron upon you, if you no understand me.

1 *Neighbb.* How should I understand you?

Rag. You be a dam Dog ; begar, me vill put twenty horse upon your back till you understand a moy. Vat vill you give me, if I take all de horse from you?

1 *Neighbb.* Indeed I'll pray for your worship.

Rag. O ho ! be dat all ? do you understand noting but prayer ? Divel you fool vat be prayer to de Quarteer Master ? but can you pray in French ?

1 *Neighbb.* Alas, not I, an't please you.

Rag. Den, begar, your English prayer vill no save a Frenchman ; you shall have ten Arse more so dat.

2 *Neighbb.* An't please you, Monsieur, I understand you.

Rag. You shall have no Arse upon you.

3 *Neighbb.* And I understand you very well, Sir.

Rag. Begar, you have very mush, a great deal of understanding.

3 *Neighbb.* Here are more of our Neighbours that understand you, Sir.

Rag. Begar, den me understand too : get all your money togedra, and put in my pocket your self, den me can swear begar, me never take no peny of you, a ha !

3 *Neighbb.* We will do it gladly, Sir, and pray for you too.

Rag. Begar, me no care for dat. But you dam Dog, that no understan a moy, shall quarteer all de Troop ; and den look to your wife, for begar *Flea-flint* vill so get your child for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Flea-flint*, *Ferret-farm*, *Burn-dorp*, *Lieutenant*,

Cornet, *Raggou*, and *Dol*.

Burn. Lieutenant, we have done the work.

Ferret. We have burnt seven Towns.

Flea. We have rais'd fourscore pound.

Lieut. Y'are dextrous at your trade, you have made quick dispatch : but peace, we'll share anon.

[*Aside.*]

Now you're welcome. Come, where's the Boores o'th' house ?
we'll

we'll see what my quarters can afford. Where are you all?
What house here, ho?

Enter Woman and Maid.

Woman. What want you, Sir?

Lient. Art thou the woman o'th' house?

Woman. Yes, Sir, a poor woman.

Lient. Art thou poor? what a pox do I in such a quarter?
why, Quarter-mast. *Raggon*, is this the best house in the Village?

Rag. Zoun, hang 'em, they're very rich Dog; but you shall have no meat for your self, no Oat for your Arses, but her dam husband vill feast you all wid pray for you.

Lient. Diable you *Rotterdam* whore, I'll make you bring out your things: where's your Cowes, your Calves, and your sheep?

Woman. Alas, we have none, Sir.

Cor. Hast thou any drink, good woman?

Woman. No, truly, we have none.

Flea. Nor hast thou no wine, nor strong-water, good woman?

Woman. No, indeed, we have none.

Rag. Why den, a pax take you, good woman.

Lient. No Hens, nor Turkies, nor Swine, nor nothing?

Rag. Hang her, begar she hide every ting, when dey hear me come to make a de quarter.

Ferret. Send to the Market Town, and buy provision, and be hang'd, or I'll set fire o' your house, you damn'd dery damn'd whore.

Rag. Zoun, dis dam coward, how he domineer over de Bumpkin woman!

Woman. Alas, we have no money, Sir, not we.

Ferret. What dost thou tremble and shake so for? what a pox ails thee?

Cor. What shall we do? threatning will not serve the turn.

Lient. Do but second me, and I'll make 'em bring out all they have, I warrant you: do but talk as if we us'd to eat children.

Ferret.

Ferret. 'Tis enough!

Lient. Why, look you, good woman, we do believe you are poor, so we'll make a shift with our old Dyet. You have children i'th' Town?

Woman. Why do you ask, Sir?

Lient. Only have two or three to Supper. *Flea-flint*, you have the best way of cooking children.

Flea. I can powder 'em, to make you taste your liquor: I'm never without a dry'd child's tongue or ham.

Woman. O blefs me!

Flea. Mine's but the ordinary way, but *Ferret-farm* is the man: he makes you the savouriest pye of a child's chaldron that ever was eat!

Lient. A pox, all the world cannot cook a child like Monsieur *Raggon*.

Rag. Begar me tink so; for vat was me bred in de King of *Mogul's* kitchin for, tere ve kill twenty shild of a day? Take you one shild by both his two heels, and put his head between your two leg, den take your great a knife and slice off all de buttack, so fashion; begar, dat make a de best Scotts Collop in de varle.

Lient. Ah! he makes the best Pottage of a child's head and purtenance! but you must boyl it with Bacon: woman, you must get Bacon.

Ferret. And then it must be very young.

Lient. Yes, yes. Good woman, it must be a fine squab child, of half a year old: a man child, dost here?

Woman. O Lord! yes, Sir.

Rag. Do you hear? get me one she-shild, a littel whore-shild, and save me all de lamb-stone and sweet-bread, and all de pig petty-toe of de shild: do you hear you round-head whore?

Woman. I, Sir, I. O that ever I should live to see such men!

[Exit.

Lient. I warrant you it works; if there be provision in the Country, we shall have it.

Flea. How the whore trembled for fear!

Cor. We shall have all the women in the Village about our ears: hide-bound whores! it's a question whether they'l part with their meat or their children first.

Licut. This foolery will be nois'd about the Country, and then the odium will never be taken off.

Cor. Why, what can they make on't? all understanding people will know it to be mirth.

Licut. I know they will; but the envious Priests will make fine talk on't, and make a great advantage on't too: though they know it to be nothing but mirth, they'l preach their Parishioners into a real belief of it, on purpose to make us odious. They'l preach against any thing: I heard a scandalous Sermon, of two hours long, against Prince *Rupert's Dog*.

Cor. Come, 'tis no matter what hypocrites preach: let us see what the event will be. [Exeunt.]

Enter Women in a fright, alarm'd by their Neighbour.

Woman. Look to your children; if ever you mean to see your children alive, hide your children: they'l eat your children.

1 *Neighb.* Woe is me! what's the matter, Neighbour?

Woman. I say, hide your children.

2 *Neighb.* Ah! good Neighbour, what's the matter?

Woman. Why, run away with your children.

3 *Neighb.* Why, that ever we were born! what's the matter?

Woman. They will eat your children.

4 *Neighb.* O, these bloody Cavaliers! how, eat our children?

Woman. They talk of boyling your children.

All. O mercy on us!

Woman. And roasting your children.

All. O bloody villains!

Woman. And baking your children.

1 *Neighb.* O Hellish Cavaliering Devils?

Woman. There's nothing to be thought of, but hiding your children.

1 *Neighb.* I would mine were in my belly again.

Woman. That's not safe: they'l search there in the first place, to be sure.

2 *Neighb.*

2 *Neighbb.* I'll hide mine in the straw.

Woman. And so we shall have one of 'em lay you down a top of it, and smother one child whilst he is getting another. I say, run away with your children.

3 *Nighbb.* O bloody wretches ! I have heard much of their getting children ; but never of their eating children before.

4 *Neighbb.* Neighbour, their getting of children might be born with ; but eating 'em was never heard of.

Woman. They have got a Cook from the great *Mogull*, on purpose to kill children : and they talk of roasting their haunches, and baking the chaldron, and broyling the chine.

Maid. And making Pottage of the childs head and purtenance.

All. O deliver our poor children.

Woman. Do you stand whining and crying ? Fetch out your Sheep, and your Calves, your Hens, your Pigs, and your Geese, and your Bacon ; for there's no other way to save your children.

All. I, with all our hearts:

1 *Neighbb.* I'll bring two fat Sheep.

2 *Neighbb.* I'll bring Turkies and Hens.

3 *Neighbb.* I have a brave fat Calf worth eleven Nobles, by my troth I had as lieve part with one of my children.

Woman. O you uncharitable beast ! go fetch your Calf. Run every body, and bring your things to my house, as fast as you can drive. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lieutenant, Cornet, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, Burn-dorp and Raggou.

Lient. Meat, or Children, to supper for a wager, Gentlemen ?

Cor. Meat, for a wager, if they have it.

Lient. I, without doubt ; for never was women and children so alarm'd in this world.

Flea. When they were got together, and told their children would be eaten ; they set up their throats, and made a more horrid noise than a Welch Hubbub, or an Irish Dirge.

Enter Nurse with two Children.

Ferret. How now! what think you if we be put to eat Children indeed? By this light, here's a woman with two Children.

Lieut. We shall be cross-bit with these Country whores. what shall we do?

Rag. Begar, me vill help you off: you shall eat no children.

Nurse. By your leaves, your good worships: I make bold to bring you in some provisions.

Ferret. Provisions! where, where is thy provisions?

Nurse. Here, an't please you: I have brought you a couple of fine fleshy Children.

Cor. Was ever such a horrid whore! what shall we do?

Nurse. Truly, Gentlemen, they're as fine squab Children: shall I turn 'em up? they have the bravest brawny buttocks!

Lieut. No, no! But, woman, art thou not troubled to part with thy children?

Nurse. Alas, they are none of mine, Sir; they are but Nurse-children?

Rag. Dere be a dam whore for you.

Lieut. What a beast is this! Whose children are they?

Nurse. A Londoners, that owes me for a years nursing. I hope they'll prove excellent meat: They're Twins too.

Rag. A ha! but, begar, we never eat no Twin-child; de Law forbid dat: but hark you, have any woman with child in de Town?

Nurse. Yes, half a dozen.

Rag. Lieutenant, it be de best meat in de varle: begar, a woman with child is better meat den one hen with egg at Shrove-tide.

Enter Landlady, and women with provision.

Lieut. How now! what news, Landlady?

Woman. Here is a great many poor women that have brought in provisions, in hope you'll spare their children.

Neighb. We beseech your worships spare our poor children, and you shall want for nothing our Country can afford.

Lieut. Good woman, we are content to spare your children.

dren, but you must get us some strong drink.

2 *Neighb.* I, I; we'll get you every thing you want.

Lient. Why, then, go all home, and be contented; for we promise you, if we eat any children, it shall be the two Nurse-children.

All. Ah;——preserve you all, Gentlemen.

Rag. Take some comfort; for if we should eat your children, you shall no be a loser by dat: for look you, good woman, how many children we eat in a Parish, so many child we are bound to get before we leave it: dat is very fair.

[*Exeunt women.*]

Lient. Why, is not this better than fasting?

Flea. Well, and what harm is there in all this?

Cor. None i'th' world. Come, let's in, and dress our supper.

Rag. Me will go eat at my own quarteer. It be a brave thing to be in Office: begar de Clowns worship me, as if me were dere great God Bumpkin.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm and Burndorp.

Flea. **L**ieutenant, here's all our Country crew that we plundered yesterday.

Ferret. But, our comfort is, they know us not; but cry out of a Frenchman, with two coat-sleeves, stuff'd like two Country bag-puddings.

Lient. This cunning rogue has cross-bit you all: he has been plundering as he went to make his Quarters, and in a Buff-coat too; for here is a dozen fellows at my Quarter, and they all describe a rogue so like thee, that I protest thou wilt suffer for it. Nay, the rogue call'd himself *Flea-flint*, too.

Flea. Ouns, what shall we do, Sir?

Lient.

Lient. Upon my word, this is no jeasting business.

Ferret. 'Sheart, over-reach'd thus !

Lient. You must e'en think of over-reaching him again. You must first think of stopping the clamor of the Bumpkins ; that's your first point of security.

Flea. But, Lieutenant, how should we do't ? Faith, you must try your wits, and stick to us.

Lient. I knew you would venture so far, 'twould come to my turn to fetch you off at last, Rogues.

Flea. Why, Sir, my man and his 'both shall swear *Raggou* borrow'd a Buff-coat of them.

Lient. Let him be gone first, and then you may swear any thing. One of you go tell the Bumpkins, I am searching for the Rogue : the rest go with me to *Raggou*.

[Exit Ferret-farm.

Burn. This is his quarter.

Lient. This ? Knock : it seems to be the best house i'th' Town.

[Knocks.

Maid. Who would you speak with ?

[Within.

Lient. With Monsieur *Raggou*.

Maid. Sir, he gave us a strict charge to let no body speak with him.

Lient. But I must, and will speak with him.

Maid. Indeed, Sir, he charg'd us, upon pain of his displeasure, not to disturb him.

Lient. Pain of his displeasure ? what an impudent rogue's this ! Shew us, shew us.

| *Raggou is discover'd in a Taffata bed, with
a Back, Brest and Head-piece on.*

How now ! what, in Taffata Curtains ? the impudent rogue makes me laugh. You, rascal, *Raggou* ; look in his Head-piece too.

Rag. Who de devel disturb me ? you dam whore, you know vat me do to you last night ?

Lient. Why, what was that you did to her last night ?

Rag. Begar me lye with her at three motion, as de Musquetier shoot of his Gun ; make ready, present, and give fire.

Lient.

Lient. O, my word that's good discipline.

Rag. Begar, she sall make ready for you, if you will present and give fire.

Lient. But how came it that I had not this good Quarter?

Rag. Because me knew me should make a de Quarter but one night, and so, begar, me make a de best use of my time, as all de whole varle do too.

Lient. But what a Rogue art thou: why dost thou lye in such a bed in thy Arms?

Rag. For two gran reason, Sir. First, because my French louse sall go great way about before he come to de clean sheet: next, because a de dam English flea shall not bite a my sweet French body.

Lient. Well, Maid, go down: I must speak with him.

[Exit Maid.]

Rag. Vat you have wid me, Lieutenant?

Lient. Faith, out of my love, I would save thee from hanging.

Rag. Hang! for vat? begar, hang me if me deserve, so you hang all dat deserve a de hang; begar, dat is de whole Troop, Lieutenant and all.

Lient. Here you pluader in one shape, and there in another: sometimes, like *Flea-flint*, in Buff; sometimes like your self: that here is all the Country come in with such horrid complaints. Nay, they say you ravish women too.

Rag. Lieutenant, begar, me never ravish but one old woman, and she give me five shilling for my pain.

Lient. Nay, here is worse than all that, my Captain has intelligence you're a dangerous man, and hold correspondence with the enemy.

Rag. Me sall be hang, Lieutenant, if you tink so.

Lient. Nay, 'tis so; I have orders to search you. — Put that in his Pocket, [aside] and pull it out again.

Rag. Ah, begar me have no long life before me be hang.

Burn. O, Sir! are you good at that? he was going to convey Letters out on's pocket.

[Exit Rag.]

Rag. Begar, he lye Lieutenant, me have no Lettra ; begar, hang a me, if me can write an read : de Horn-book be de Hebrew to me, begar.

Lient. Search him, search him.

[*Search, and pulls a Letter out, and an Engine.*]

Burn. Here's a Letter, Lieutenant ; and an Engine, I think.

Flea. What's this ?

Lient. O, you need not write and read if you have this : I'll be hang'd, if this be not the key of his character he writes to the enemy with.

Rag. Dat make a de French Pye, and make a de Garniture for de Dish, dat be all.

Lient. Let's see ; the case is plain ; he sent his intelligence in characters of paste. This very thing will hang him : but let's read the Letter.

Rag. Begar, me have no Lettra : de devel send it in my pocket.

Lient. Reads. Monsieur Raggou ; in hope that under this poor disguise of a French Cook you will shew a rich faith—

Rag. Vat he mean by fait ? begar, me have no fait.

Lient. Reads. And when you have deliver'd up your Troop to us, the Parliament will owe you as your self, and give you the respects due to your great and honourable family.

Rag. Devel, me have no honourable, nor family neider, begar.

Flea. The case is plain, you are of some great family.

Rag. Lieutenant, me confess me come of de King of France Kitchin, of de honourable family of de Turn-spit : Begar, me tell you true, deré be all my family, and my honourable too.

Burn. O, Sir, 'tis a very cunning fellow ; my Captain sends word he us'd to be conversant with the Round-heads, and pray with them.

Rag. The Devel take a me, me never pray in my life, me swear altogedra in de King of France Kitchin.

Lient. I love you so well, that I'd be loth to hang you, Monsieur ; therefore I'm content to let you scape : but be sure you be not taken.

Rag.

Rag. Begar den hang a moy, for my Arse vill no go very far.

Lient. Well, pray be gone, and say you found a friend.

Rag. Gad a blefs you, Lieutenant: ven me come in *France*, zoun, me vill so pray for you.

Flea. And yet you say you never pray'd in your life.

Rag. Begar, me tank Gad, me never have occasion to pray till just now. Adieu, adieu——a—— Who send me dat dam Lettra in my pocket? [Exit.]

Lient. Well, now we must keep the Bumpkins here till he is gone, and then give 'em orders to search the Countries for him.

Burn. And that will whidle them as well as if you had given them their money again. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Governor, Captain Holdforth, Mr. Tell-troth,
and Captain Tub-text.*

Hold. Intruth, drinking is a harmless recreation, so we proceed not to drunkenness.

Tub. Pray how far-forth may we proceed in drink? for I would take no more than is fit to be taken with a safe conscience.

Tell. Why, Captain *Tub-text*, if thy belly were as large as thy conscience, by that computation, the great *Tun at Heidelberg* would be just thy mornings draught.

Tub. Here is old *Tom Tell-troth*: ha, ha, ha.

Hold. Intruth, if he were not very faithful, we should never away with his boldness.

Tub. Well said, Captain *Holdforth*. But to the question; how far may we proceed in drink?

Govern. As far as the innocent recreation of knocking one another down with Cushions come to; it is the exercise of our superiour Officers.

Hold. I have observ'd, indeed, they do three things together: they drink, then practise Pulpit-faces,

Tell. (To cheat the people with.

Tub. Ha, ha, ha: in truth you hit so home.)

Hold. And the third is throwing of Cushions. The practising
G and

and dissembling of holy looks, is of great use and design.

Tub. And drinking, and throwing Cushions, a great refreshing to the body.

Govern. As for Example.

[*Throws a Cushion.*]

Hold. Ha, ha, ha. I have seen our Grandee throw a Cushion at the man with the great Thumb, and say, Colonel, wilt thou be a Cobler again?

[*Throws a Cushion.*]

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Tub. Come, here's to you, Governour, you Colonel Goldsmith, with a conscience as dirty as a Blacksmith: will you sell Thimbles again?

[*Throws a Cushion.*]

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Hold. Noble Colonel, wilt thou brew Ale again? [*Throws, &c.*]
What an everlasting cheat is Reformation and false Doctrine! It has rais'd us from Coblers to Commanders.

Tub. There is no other way to raise Rebellion, but by Religion.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Govern. I never knew the use of Religion before.

Tub. The women tickle like Trouts at it: ha, ha, ha.

[*All laugh.*]

Tell. I believe the Country will find it so. For I hear of twenty wenches with child.

Govern. Intruth, I wonder at the witchcraft of it; for notwithstanding the people have been bit through the chine-bone with it, yet for all that, before the old wound is heal'd, they are ready to run after the Lanthorn of new lights again: ha, ha, ha.

Tell. Well, Sirs, since you are in such an ingenious way of confessing, tell me one thing, do not you wish your Garrison a fire, so you were at home, with all the wealth you've got?

Tub. Thought's free; but talk no more of that: these are both treacherous Rogues, I dare not trust 'em.

Tell. Well, you are merry, Sirs; but faith be plain, Sirs: what says my seeming Saint that drinks by the conscience? Dost not wish thy self at home, wallowing in thy plunder?

Hold.

Hold. You might find a better name for it. Hark in your ear: we are all such treacherous Rogues, we dare not trust one another: but we'll talk in private.

Govern. But our Contribution-women will come in anon.

Hold. Ha, ha, ha: intruth, they edifie as one would have 'em.

Tell. Well, now you ought to be serious, and consider the enemies approaching.

Tub. Intruth a good occasion to fetch in all the Goods and Chattels of the Country, upon pretence of securing them, and so make conditions with the enemy to march away with them. I see we shall be rascals to the last gasp.

Hold. And so we shall have provisions for a long Siege.

Govern. I'll make your Siege short enough.

[Exit Governour and one Captain.]

Tub. You are faithful; they are Rogues: Read that, and tell me whether you will undertake or no.

[Gives Tell-troth a Letter, & exit.]

Tell. How! very good. Is't possible! This is a greater Rogue in his own nature than the Devils invention can make him: he would not only betray his trust, but deliver up all the rest of the Garrison to mercy; conditionally that he may have all their wealth, and safe convoy to his own house. I need lay no Plot, 'tis done to my hand. I love the King well; yet my own ends are mingled, because I have a Mistress among 'em, and cannot have her but by serving the King: and I believe most men have their reasons for their Loyalty as well as I; so that, good King, wherefoe'er you see me, trust to your self. Yet I will do something. What if I betray'd this Rogue, and his Letter, to the Governour to secure my self? but then, if they have a mind to deliver up the Garrison, 'twill make 'em shie of me, I find I have a hard task on't.

Enter Governour.

Govern. O, *Tell-troth*, I came to ask thee a question; and what think'st thou?

Tell. Troth, I know not.

Govern. To know whether thou lov'st me truly, or no.

Tell. If you be serious, I could be angry with you, for raising such a doubt : to shew you that I love you (I do not say your Cause, but you) read there ; look you, one of your Captain Rogues gave me that Letter, and the other gave me a whisper to the same purpose too.

Govern. Is't possible ! What's to be done with these villains ?

Tell. Something must be done, they'll betray you else.

Govern. I thank thy honesty, I find it so.

Tell. Shall I speak boldly ? serve 'em in their own kind.

Govern. Introth, I had it in my head before to betray 'em, for the Rogues are rich.

Tell. Come, let not you and I be shie of one another, do it yet.

Govern. Art thou in earnest ?

Tell. By my life ; and I will put you in a way too.

Govern. Let's in, and consider how : had we best secure 'em.

Tell. No : first command their two Companies out, then draw 'em into several parties, and then with your own Company disarm 'em, and so clap them up and their Officers ; then shew 'em the reason (this Letter :) when that's done, send the Letter to the Parliament, and write how you have secur'd 'em : which will so ingratiate you with them, that you'll never be suspected for betraying on't your self.

Govern. My worthy friend, shall I fall on my knees and worship thee ?

Tell. Let's be wise, and about our business.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cornet and two Troopers.

Cor. Where have you been, Sirs ?

1 *Troop.* Why, we have been to take *Flea-flint* : my Captain is resolv'd to hang him.

Cor. For what ?

2 *Troop.* For plundring, and so forth ; but the Rogue has intelligence of it, and is gone : but he is in as bad a case as *Raggon* ; for we must send *Huy* and *Cry* after him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Raggou.

Rag. Ah, *Jan povera de moy*: my Arse can no carry me from de danger of de hang a de moy; and yet me have spur two such great hole in his rib, dat you may creep quite trow him. Me must go change mine coat, and mine hat, begar, me fall be known by dat. Vat come here now?

Enter French-man with a Shew.

What, come?

French. Come, who see my fine shite? my rare shite, who see my fine shite? my rare shite.

Rag. Monsieur, where you go wid your shite?

French. To de *Bristol Fair*, Monsieur.

Rag. Dis French-man look as if he will be hang, begar, me vill put a de sheat of de hang upon him. Monsieur, Begar me have de very fine shite too, and it vill come de *Bristol Fair* too: it be de great vonder of de varle, it be de great fat Dromadory; you hear of dat?

French. Wee, wee: all de varle know de fat Dromadory.

Rag. Begar, you and me vill joyn partiner in de *Fayr*: because you be my Country-man.

French. I, Monsieur, and tank you too.

Rag. We vill give out in de Bill of de two famous French-man: one inventra de shew of all Trade, and de oder make a de invent of de fat Dromadory.

French. Monsieur, wid all my heart.

Rag. Vera good: you fall go take a de best House in de Town: dere be two piece, two *Jacoby* for you; get some vera good dinner. You shall take a my coat and de hat, and leave your shew wid me, for my waggon will come wid my Dromadory presan.

French. I had good luck to light o' this French-man. [*Aside.*

Rag. Begar, me have betra luck to light o' dis Frenchman. So, help me wid your waist-coat: vera good. So, now make all de haste in de varle. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit French-man.* So, now, begar, me be very safe: but how de devil fall me shew mine shite? Begar, me forget to ask vat language all de

Puppet

Puppet in de shew speak. *Parla Francois Monsieur Pappay?*
Owieda. A ha! very good.

Enter Constables.

1 *Const.* Sure we shall catch this fellow at last; for we hear of him every where.

2 *Const.* I, his two sleeves stuff'd, and his French Hat edged with Ribbons will discover him.

Rag. Diable, dere be de Constable and Mr. Huy-Cry come to catch a me.--- Who see my shite, my rare shite, my fine shite? Begar, me fall shite my self indeed.

1 *Const.* What a pox does he mean?

2 *Const.* He would have you see his shew.

1 *Const.* Come, faith let us. You fellow, come, let's see your shew.

Rag. How fall me do now? begar, me must shew it as well as me can.

2 *Const.* Sirrah, did not you see a French-man pass by?

Rag. Frenchman? Vat have he upon him?

1 *Const.* Why, he has a greasie coat with the sleeves stuff'd out.

Rag. A pox take him, begar he rob me just now of two piece, all me have in de varle, dat make a me cry.

2 *Const.* O Rogie, Rascal! alas to day! give him a Crown, Church-warden, we are at the Parish charge.

1 *Const.* Come, do not cry, poor fellow: let's see thy shite; there's a crown for thee.

Rag. A Gad bless you. Here be de brave shite of de varle: here be de King of *Spain* play on de Bag-pipe to his Privy-Council. Dat's a very good jest. Den dere be de King of *Solomon*, he give judgement upon de vife shild. Dere is de first Act. Now put on your hat, and look upon all de Lady.

Jam more cum povera bla cum povera, [Plays and sings.

Jam, Jam, Jam, Jam Tomba nette,

Jam Jang Tombe nette equbla.

Now here be de Queen of *Swiveland*, she sit in great Majesty:
her

her lég hang over de chair, vera full of temptation, make your chops watra. Vera good jeast. Den dere be de whore of *Babylon*, she make great love to de May-pole in de *Stran*. Second Act.

I am more cum povera, &c. [Plays and sings.

Dere be de King of *Denmark* and *Norway*, learning to juggle of de Bishop of *Munsera*. Dat's a vera good jest. Dere be de silent Minистра, he make a de long preach in de Play-house. Dere is tre Act: dat is all.

2 *Const.* I thought your Plays had always had five Acts.

Rag. Dey be de great Puppet have five Act; de little Puppet have but tre. Vill you go catch dis dam dog for me, and get a my money for me agen, my two *Jacoby*? Begar, me be undone, if you no catch dis dam dog for me.

1 *Const.* We'l away: we'l have him I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Rag. Begar, me be very fine sheat, if it vill hold out. But hold a; vat if dey catch my Coat? Begar, den dey vill hang a my Coat: but dam dog vill confess me have his Shew den; begar, me fall be hang wid mine Coat. Begar me vill put away mine Shew.

Enter Flea-flint, with Huy and Cry after him.

Who de Devil is dat?

Flea. A pox on't, I must be robbing alone, and without my Lieutenants advice! I must be careful, or suffer for it. The Rogues follow me with Huy and Cry; I am not able to go further, I must change my cloaths. How now? what fellow's this? Sheart, would I could perswade him out of his Shew, and take my Cloak for it.

Rag. Begar, would me could perswade him to take my Shew, and give me de Cloak for dat.

Flea. Come hither, honest fellow.

Rag. Devil, it is *Flea-flint*. Ah me be *povera de moy*, begar, me be half hang already. Me vill no speak French begar, den he vill know me: me vill belch Dutch at him. *Tawmin heer.*

Flea!

Flea. Come hither honest man: what's that, a Shew?

Rag. *Taw min heer.* Begar me vill slit my mouth from one ear to de odra, to speak good Dutch; and den, when me speak French, begar me vill sew it up again: dere's a vera good trick to save a my life.

Flea. Fellow, wilt thou sell thy Shew?

Rag. *Taw min heer.* Begar, dis Dutch make me vera sick. Look! begar, every time me cry, *Taw min heer*, dere come up a pickle Herring with it. *Taw*, look dere it go.

Flea. Art thou a Dutchman?

Rag. *Taw verathticke.*

Flea. Where hab you de neder Lands go Weston?

Rag. Diable, vat fall me say? Begar me have no more Dutch.

Flea. Hab you de neder Lands go west Lanceman?

Rag. *Ich haben de Hoigh Dutch Lander goe weston Lance-man.*

Flea. Nay, it may be what Dutch it will, for I can speak no more.

Rag. *Ich maken weel vander slapan can Helder Hought.*

Flea. But wilt thou sell thy Shew?

Rag. *Taw, Taw, ick vill van hundred Gilder haben.*

Flea. That's ten pound; that's too much. I would I had it at any rate.

Rag. Begar, never fear, you shall have it.

Flea. Wilt thou take five pound?

Rag. Neave ick: ick maken de Shew my self, and ick maken dat better as dis, and dat's better as dat, and dat's better as all begott.

Flea. I hear 'em coming: here's ten pound for thee, and I'll give thee my Cloak to boot and Hat.

Rag. Dere be my Shew and my Cap: me tank you Lance-man. So, disdam Rogue never do no good in all his life before; and me hope, begar, he vill be hang for dat. [Exit.

Flea. Now, what shall I do with this Shew; for I cannot shew it? why, if any body would see it, I must say it's lock'd up; the key is gone before to *Bristol Fayr*: that's all I have for't.

Enter

Enter Constables looking for Flea-flint.

4 *Const.* Come, Sirs, we shall have him at last.

3 *Const.* Stay, Sirs : what fellow's this ? who are you, Sir ?

Flea. A poor man, Master, going with my Shew to the Fayr, to get a peny, and a Rogue has rob'd me of all I have, almost ten pound.

4. *Const.* O damn'd Rogue ! Had he not a gray Cloak and Hat.

Flea. I, (wicked villain) the same, Master.

3 *Const.* It's the same Rogue we are looking for, we shall have him i'th' Fayr, I warrant you. Let's away.

[Exeunt Constables.]

Flea. This rogue thinks himself so safe now, and he'l be hang'd sure enough if they catch him.

Enter the first Constables with him that had Raggou's Cloaths.

1 *Const.* Look you, there's the notorious Rogue with the Shew : take him.

Flea. What would you have with me, Gentlemen ?

French. Begar, me vill have my Shew from you.

Flea. Pox take you and your Shew ; a damn'd Rogue that had it, has rob me of ten pound, and my Hat and Cloak.

1 *Const.* Come, these are both Rogues : bring 'em away.

1 *Watch.* Hold, it will do us no good to have them hang'd, what if we plunder them as they use to do us.

Const. 'Tis a very good motion, do you hear, we are to ask you a question, will you be hang'd, or be plunder'd ?

Flea. I'l be hang'd before I part with my money.

2 *Watch.* Then let's hang him, we can take his money when he is dead.

Con. Then do you hang him.

[Enter Bumpkin passing over the Stage.]

1 *Watch.* Not I, I know not how to hang him.

2 *Watch.* Troth hang him your self, if you'l have him hang'd.

Const. Dost here brother Bumpkin ? I'l give thee an Angel, and hang this fellow.

[Constable calls to the Bumpkin.]

H

Bumpk.

Bumpk. It is not worth while for one, but I'll take Angels a piece to hang you all.

Const. Hang you raskal, come there fall on boys, and plunder him. [Plunder Flea-flint.

Flea. Pray you, Gentlemen, give me some money again to bear my charges home.

Const. There's a Crown for thee, and farewell.

[Exeunt all but Bumpkin.

Bumpk. Hey day! this will prove a very wonder,
That Bumpkin should a Souldier plunder.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

*Enter a Joyner, Servant, and a Painter at one door;
and Raggou at another.*

Serv. **J**Oyner, make haste, and set your t'other Post up; and Painter, fetch your Colours, your Pots and Pipkins, and paint this Post in the mean time: it must be dispatch'd before the people are stirring.

Paint. My things are all ready, Sir, at the next house: we can scarce see to work yet.

Serv. And be hang'd then go get some Ale to clear your eye-sight: I'll warrant you'll see the bottom of the Pot well enough without day-light.

Joyner. Make what hast you can, I'll bring my Post as soon as you'll be ready to paint it. [Exit.

Paint. I'd laugh at that, i'faith. But friend, what noise was this all night? I think the Watch was searching for somebody.

Serv. I, I; hark, you may hear 'em searching still. Why, it seems 'tis a kind of out-landish French-man that they look for: he has a gray Hat, and a gray Cloak; but come, let us mind.

Joyn. Well, and heart man, I brought the t'other, an' you call it heart man, and all's gone you see.

Serv. My Masters, go look after your things, and make an end of your work.

Paint. Let's go search for this fellow that stole our goods here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tell-troth and Dol.

Tell. O *Dol*, d'ye hear, put her off till your friend come as before you pretended, and say you'll marry when the Garriſon is deliver'd up.

Dol. The Lieutenant and Cornet are very eager to have it diſpatch'd, that they may have the money I promis'd, and then they are reſolv'd to laugh me to death.

Tell. Well, but you know it will be our turn to laugh at them, if all be right you have told me.

Dol. Upon my life I have been faithful in all points, and I find I ſhall take pride in doing good, ſince I have prosper'd ſo well in ſerving you.

Tell. Your reward ſhall answer your ſervice. I muſt to the Captain, and give him an account of all I undertook, which will meet his expectation.

Dol. Let me alone to manage my undertakings.

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Tell. Here's the Captain; be you gone therefore: I would not be ſeen with you, till I make him acquainted with every thing. [Exit cum *Doro.*]

Lieut. But pray, Sir, why are you thus ſevere now, to baniſh the Flint-fleyers?

Capt. The Kings Honour and Intereſt is ſo abus'd with theſe ſcandalous fellows, that I'm reſolv'd to caſhier 'em.

Enter Tell-troth.

Oh, friend *Tell-troth*! look you Lieutenant, my opinion ſeldom fails me.

Tell. So, you had ſome diſpute then concerning me. Look you, Sir, it's now in my power to do more than e'er I hop'd for: you have a Foot Company?

Cap. Yes; they are now marching into th' Quarter. Lieutenant

nant, see they march fair, and do no wrong. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

Tell. Read that : upon my life there is but three Companies, and two of 'em are disarm'd, and Prisoners, Officers and all. I laid no plot to do it, I found 'em all ready to betray one another to get the wealth ; the manner how, hereafter. The Governour has commission'd me to make his Conditions ; which must be a Convoy, with all his wealth, to his own home. The Country bring in their plate and goods to secure 'em from your party, and he'l make conditions with you to march away with 'em, and so cheat the people : (precious Rogues!) besides what they preach the women out of.

Capt. That must not be ; for the King has Intelligence that they have great Treasure there.

Tell. Does he know how they came by it ?

Capt. Yes, very well ; with the cheat of preaching (I mean Tub-preaching, and Lectures.) The Lectures your wives read you, never aw'd you so.

Tell. But faith, Sir, give him his Conditions.

Capt. I'l storm it first.

Tell. I intend not to have you keep Conditions when you have made 'em.

Capt. That's base ; I scorn that : my Honour is at stake.

Tell. What, for breaking Articles with a Rebel? Had it been a fair enemy, I grant you. Suppose you storm it, and be beaten off? the King would give you little thanks for the punctilio of your own private honour. Let your Lieutenant do it : the Captain may with his Honour break the Conditions that his Lieutenant makes.

Capt. I may approve of that ; I would not have my own hand appear against me. But I am glad to see you thus earnest for the King : sure you have some design.

Tell. By my troth I have ; but so small a one, it is not worth this labour : you shall know it, for you must assist me.

Capt. With all faithfulness.

Tell. Come then, let's sign Articles. So, march, and take possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Raggou like an old woman.

Rag. Me vill make a me nose of wax, like de old woman, and vill go to Madam *Dol*, and tell her me come from Monsieur *Raggou*. Vera good. And if she vill beg his pardon of de Capitain, he vill come and marry her, although her shild be born wid a shart and back and brest too; for begar me find in mine conscience me had betra marry a dam whore, dan be hang. [Exit.]

Enter Tell-troth, Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, &c.
with the Governour Prisoner.

Tell. Now, Sir, are you satisfi'd in my faith?

Capt. I am so; and I have found you a worthy person: command me to any thing.

Tell. Then I'll make you merry till I go about my design. Captain *Tub-text*, that got the two Sisters with child, is now in bed with them eating a Sack posset; and, that we may both shame and fright 'em, there are Bears i'th' Town, and other Shows that are going to *Bristol* Fayr: now I'll speak to the Bearward to muzzle a Bear, and turn him loose into the room, and I'll bring you where you shall see the sight.

Capt. Content, for I am a great lover of sports: let not the Shews go away, for I mean to celebrate *Dol's* wedding.

Lient. That's kindly done. You'll need no other sport than to see *Dol* rant and tear when she finds she has married a Girl.

Capt. But the sport will be, when you and the Cornet receive your fifty pound a piece you told me of.

Lient. Yes, faith; we shall have it sure enough.

Capt. Yes, for 'tis deposited in my hands.

Cor. Never was jade so deeply in love! but the jest is the Girl has made conditions with *Dol*, to put on a Masque when she is marrying; for her face is so bad she cannot away with it.

Capt. Give all the Troop favours; let 'em dispatch, and bring them in to the bayting of the Sack-posset, and let the Country be summon'd in. [Exeunt.]

Tub.

Tub-text and his Sisters are discover'd in bed, eating a Sack-posset : Enter Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, Ferret-farm, above.

Tub. Here is this spoonful in remembrance of our sweet Sisters precious fruit she goes with.

[He puts a spoonful in each of their mouths.]

1 Sister. My tender, and most shame-fac'd thanks be return'd you.

Tub. Now here is to the Maiden-fruits of this our weeping-Sister. Wipe your tears ; if they were Cavaliering burthens you went with, your case were mournful ; but as they are my off-spring, repent not ; for your Infants (be assured) will be Babes of Grace.

Capt. What a damn'd Rogue is this!

1 Sister. Why then, it seems, we religious Lambs may play with one another, without sinning ?

Capt. Was ever such blasphemous Rogues and Whores ! I tremble to hear 'em ! Let in the Bear upon 'em.

1 Sister. Here is to this our sweet comforting man.

2 Sister. I am over-joy'd to hear that religious Lambs may play, and yet not sin. *[Put their Spoons in his mouth.]*

Enter Bear.

Tub. What's here, a Bear ? mercy upon us !

All. Help, help, help, help.

Tub. Shift for your selves, sweet Sisters.

Capt. Now Bear, now Saint.

Lient. Halloo Saint, halloo Bear : I'll hold a——

Cor. Hundred pound of the Bear : thou Boy Bear.

Lient. A hundred pound of the Saint. So, now take off your Bear.

Ferret. By my faith, we must stave and tail him off for ought I see, Captain. I have been at many a Bear-bayting, but never at a Saint-bear-bayting before. *[Exit Bear, &c.]*

Capt. Now, Sir ; is your name *Tub-text* ?

Tub. Yea.

Capt. And do you think your two Whores are with child with two babes of grace ?

Tub.

Tub. Yea, foul mouth.

Capt. What an audacious Rogue is this! And dost thou really believe thy self in such a degree of perfection, that thou canst not sin, and so, need no repentance?

Tub. Yea, sure, we are past repentance.

Capt. Thou damn'd villain, I believe thee. Blasphemous Rogue! how many poor souls hast thou deluded? *Sirrah*, it were just to make thee marry these two women, and then hang thee for having two wives.

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, our wedding folks are coming, and are so merry, and so pleas'd; that, if their joy continue, the Example will make us all marry.

Enter Biddy as Bridegroom, Tell-troth in her hand dress'd in Dol's cloaths, and Dol in other cloaths, and Raggou dressed like an old woman with a Musker.

Look you, here they are, pleas'd as you see.

Dol. Now stand you here till I beg your pardon of my Captain.

Bid. By your leave, Captain, I have made bold to espouse your old hand-maid *Dol*; and give us leave to laugh; for faith my Lieutenant and Cornet has cheated her, Captain, for they have match'd her to a Girl: I am a very Girl, and yet I have not wrong'd you, for I told you before I could not get your children.

Tell. And we laugh, to think how we have cheated you; for though you cannot get my children, if I can get yours, we shall do well enough.

Bid. O Lord, what's that? that is not *Dol's* voice.

Dol. Y'are i'th' right; it is not *Dol's* voice, nor *Dol* that has marry'd you (keep the money, Captain) but your old love *Tell-troth*. Pray have your money, Lieutenant, before you laugh me to death.

Bid. What, my old Lover *Tell-troth*!

Tell. Now the laugh is on our side, Gentlemen. Come, be not troubled, for I am the same honest lover Lover that e'er I was.

Bid. Nay, I'll swear thou deserv'st me, thou art a desperate lover to venture on a wench that has troop'd so long under such a handsome Cornet: but he's a fool too; for if he had follow'd his blow close at one time, he had had all that I could have given him.

Tell. I had spies upon you, and am well assur'd of your honesty.

Dol. Yes, faith; I watch'd your water at every turn. Do you remember he would have gone o'th' score for your Maiden-head? but you cry'd 'twas worth ready money at any time; but marry me, and then halloo Dog for thy Silver Coller. You remember this?

Bid. I, to my shame I do.

Tell. What, are you asham'd that you are honest?

Bid. No; but I'm asham'd that I lost so much time; for I'm sure thou wouldst ha' had me honest or not honest.

Tell. Come, be not troubled; I pass by all.

Bid. I love thee for thy confidence, give me thy hand, by my life I'm very honest; but I have had as much a do to keep my self so, as ever poor wench i'th' world had.

Cor. But I hope, *Biddy*, you and I shall not lose our acquaintance.

Bid. If my husband will have it so, I cannot help it. But I hope he has more wit than ever to let me see you again: if you have not, husband, in good faith, at your own peril.

Tell. I'll have wit enough; fear not.

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, here's the Country-Gentlemen come.

Capt. Pray let 'em come in.

Enter Country-Gentlemen.

Gentlemen, 'tis not unknown how publickly you have appear'd against your Prince; and how secure you thought yourselves under the protection of these Hypocrites: but to shew you what rogues they are; all the wealth that you brought hither to be secur'd from us, they would have made conditions to have march'd away with, and so cheated the whole Country. Look you, there's their Articles: there's Reformation for you.

1 *Gen.* We are deceiv'd indeed in them ; to have us'd us thus !

Capt. You must own, Gentlemen, that all the wealth, that's here, is justly forfeited to the King.

2 *Gent.* We grant it, worthy Captain, and our lives to boot.

Capt. Although the wealth that's here be great, and the Kings wants require it ; yet, to shew that he had rather have his subjects hearts than money, he has Commission'd me to return every man his own again.

1 *Gent.* Sir, this gracious act of the King, and your readiness to perform it, shall turn us all faithful subjects to the extent of our lives and fortunes.

Capt. Now you deserve his mercy.

Dol. Sir, will you grant me a request ? Poor *Raggon* has sent me word, if I can beg his pardon of you, he'll marry me.

Capt. *Dol.* you have been instrumental to our friend *Tell-truth* ; I must grant you any thing.

Dol. Then pray, Sir, let's make a little sport with him : who do you think that old woman is ?

Capt. I know not.

Dol. 'Tis *Raggon* himself. Pray fright him a little before you seal his pardon.

1 *Capt.* What a Devil has he done to his face ?

Dol. I know not ; I believe he has clap'd wax upon't.

Capt. Now, good woman, what wouldst thou have ?

Rag. Me come in de crowd, in hope to see a Souldier hang ; it wou'd be great satisfaction to de Country, truly.

Capt. Well, good woman, where dost thou dwell ?

Rag. Begar me have no dwell : vat fall me say to him ? I live at *Bristol Town's* end, an't please your worship.

Capt. But, woman, if thou would'st tell me, where to find a plundering French-man, call'd *Raggon* ; the Country should hang him with all my heart ; for that's a notorious rogue, and he shall be hang'd if he live above ground.

Rag. Begar he serve a me vera well to hang me ; vat a Devil

make a me come here? dis be my vit: a pox on mine French wit.

Capt. Woman, find out that Rascal for me, here is ten shillings in earnest, and when thou takest him, I'll make it ten pound. *[aside.]*

Rag. But will your worship secure me that I shall have no harm if I find him?

Capt. I upon my honour, before all this Company, thou shalt have no harm.

Rag. Bear witness, gentlemen; now give me ten pound: for begar me be de man, me be Monsieur *Raggon*.

All. How! Monsieur *Raggon*!

Rag. Wie mafoy, ha, ha; me have sheat a my Capitain of ten pound, and save a my life too; dere be de French vit! Begar me honour my vit very much for dat.

Capt. Call the Marshal. Take him and hang him upon the next tree.

Rag. Hang a moy! did not you before vitnefs engage your honour dat me fall have no harm? Begar you vill do me great deal wrong, if you hang me now.

Capt. I promis'd, indeed, that the old woman should have no harm; but *Raggon* shall certainly be hang'd.

Rag. A ha! dere be a dam English trick vill hang a Frenchman. But hold, hold: if you hang *Raggon*, how can you save de old woman? Dere be Law case for you! Let me have fair play for my life.

Capt. Take the old womans garments and lay them up safe, and then they have no harm; then my honour is clear, and here is *Raggon* fairly to be hang'd.

Marsh. Come, come away; 'tis a plain case, you must hang fort.

Dol. Why were you such a fool as to come hither?

Rag. For love of you, you dam whore you.

Dol. Why would you betray your self for ten pound?

Rag. Dat be my cunning; de hangman fall have de ten pound because he fall no hurt a me when he hang me. But, Capitain, begar you can no hang me in justice; for de old wo-

man

man is *Raggon*, and *Raggon* is de old woman, and de Devil ean no part us : so if you hang *Raggon*, you hang de old woman, and you hang your own honour too, begar.

Capt. Well, Sir, you have pleaded so well for your self, that conditionally you will marry *Dol*, I'll pardon you.

Rag. If you tink it better to marry den to be hang, Captain, me leave all to your judgement.

Capt. Why, then marry her.

Rag. But who shall keep de shild ?

Capt. The Troop shall keep it.

Rag. Why may not de Troop as vell marry her, and me vill make one ? dat's very fair me tink.

Capt. Nay, you may be hang'd yet if you will.

[He takes the woman in one hand, and the halter in the other.]

Rag. Let a me see : here be whore, and here be halter ; vera fine shoice begar ! me can no tell which to shuse ; but me vill e'en stan to mine fortune, and cross and pile for it.

Capt. By my troth it shall be so, and take your choice ; cross or pile ?

Lient. Why, cross he shall be hang'd, and pile he shall be married.

Rag. No, begar, it shall be cross if me be married, and pile if me be hang.

Lient. Now it's an even lay whether this Farce be a Comedy or a Tragedy.

Cor. Come, Gentlemen, whore or halter for a wager ?

Lient. Whore for a wager.

Cor. Halter for a wager.

Rag. Hold, hold : vat if it be nedra cross nor pile ?

Capt. If it be neither cross nor pile, thou shalt neither be married nor be hang'd, upon my Honour. Come, here is your fortune for you : i'faith, 'tis cross, thou art to be married.

Rag. Den dere be your halter again, and me tank you.

Capt. Come, take your beloved wife, and strike a match.

Rag. Den let her take me, and de Devil in hell give her good of me.

Capt. Then you have my pardon, and all is well.

Enter

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, here are two of *Queen Elizabeths* Tilters, going to *Bristol Fayr*, desire to dance before you.

Capt. With all my heart: call 'em in.

A Dance of two hobby Horses in Armour, and a Jigg.
You have done well: where's my man? give 'em half a piece; you have done prettily indeed. Lieutenant, cashier the Flint-fleyers: as for these Hypocrites I'll keep them prisoners till the King dispose of 'em, which will be but too mercifully. I'm sure.

Cor. I suppose, Governour, the Parliament will reward you with some Bishops Lands for being so honourably pull'd by the ears out of your Garrison.

Capt. Come, upbraid 'em not; I hate that. To morrow, Sirs, summon in the Country, and every man shall have his right.

All. God bless the King, and all his good Souldiers.

Capt. You see, Lieutenant, how with good usage the people return to their Loyalty: I know you are a brave fellow; but you have been to blame in the Country, and that deserves your Prince more than your courage can recompence.

Lieut. Sir, you shall never have occasion to say this again.

Capt. I believe you: and I wish that the great Timber, the Pieces of State, that lye betwixt the King and Subjects,

I wish that they would take a hint from hence

To keep the peoples hearts close to their Prince.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Prologues, and Epilogues, should something say
In order to th' excusing of a Play ;

But things toth' purpose, being laid aside,
We shoot at random at least six bows wide ;
Speaking of this or that, of Sea or Land,
Of any Matter but the thing in hand,
If men with such faults, Poets do Commence,
I may put in with my impertinence.

And though my dull Muse cannot make y^a feast,
I'd fain be thought a Poet at the least :

I find I am one, I can prove it plain,
Both by my empty Purse, and shallow Brain ;

I've other symptoms to confirm it too,
I've great, and self conceit, of all I do :

I have my little Cullies too 'th' Town,
Both to admire my works, and lend a Crown.

My Poets day I mortgage to some Citt,
At least six months before my Play is writ ;

And on that day away your Poet runs,
Knowing full well, in sholes, come all his duns.

If these things make me not a perfect Poet,
He that has better Title let him shew it.



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F I N I S.
